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Vol. CVIII

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WHEN the Governments of the world have been preaching "force without stint" for five years as the means of accomplishing their aims and desires, it is not surprising that unbalanced or criminally minded individuals should likewise think to accomplish their purposes by killing and destruction. The fresh bomb outrages are the most unhappy illustration possible of the hateful idea that the way to achieve reform is to use violence. There is no place in America for terrorism of this sort, and not the slightest need of it; for the Anglo-Saxon way of altering social and political institutions by free debate and discussion remains the only sound and safe one. What these fanatical bombthrowers will accomplish is nothing else than further restrictions on immigration, the immediate passage of severely restrictive and reactionary legislation at Washington, and the strengthening of the hands of such visionless legislators as Senators King and Overman. At the same time it is only just to point out that the country is now reaping what the Government has sown throughout the war by its Prussian intolerance, its stupid prosecution of men like Eugene Debs, and its abolition of the right of free speech and a free press. The *Nation* has steadily pointed out that Prussianism of this kind in Washington meant inevitably the driving of the extremists to a resort to underground measures. But none of these governmental blunders, however crass, palliate in any way the crimes of the bombthrowers. The "anarchistic fighters" have thrown down a gauntlet which society will promptly pick up. Unfortunately, it will be force against force, violence against violence, from which, alas! no progress is to be hoped.

EVERY day makes it more clearly evident that we do not even yet know the worst about the "peace treaty" that was handed to the Germans to sign. Not one substantial reason has been given for withholding from the public the full text, which, it is stated, reposes safely in the

files of the State Department at Washington. While the people of Berlin are buying the complete text in a popular fifteen-cent edition, and the Dutch neutrals by spending a quarter can get it in three languages, including English, the few American newspapers which have printed even parts of the treaty are obliged to cable the extracts at their own expense. Mr. John F. Bass has expressed a purpose to publish the treaty article by article in the *New York Globe* (the first instalment appearing in the issue of May 30), in order to force the Administration to share with the people its closely guarded secret, thus compelling modifications and preventing a rejection of the treaty by the United States, which he is confident will follow if the provisions are not changed. Several newspapers, notably the *Sun*, have already published various sections which were suppressed in the summary. Pieced together, they give a picture of economic strangulation even blacker than the summary indicated. For example, an inconspicuous item during the past week informed us that the German dye industry is to be for five years under Allied control. A correspondent of the *Sun*, which cannot be accused of undue tenderness for the Germans, declares that the Reparations Commission is given power to "regulate the future of Germany, both economically and politically, for thirty years, if not longer." Even the provisions of the summary indicate a remorseless purpose to wring from the conquered people the last pfennig that can be extracted. The terms of the treaty, as we gradually ferret them out, indicate more and more completely the ignominious failure of Mr. Wilson's adventure on the sea of European diplomacy; the suppression of the terms suggests the fear of the day of judgment that must now be in the heart of the man who led us into a war designed to insure a just and lasting peace.

BEYOND all question is the thoroughness of the Allied policy as to Austria. Nothing whatsoever is left of the old Dual Monarchy by the treaty of peace. She is to recognize the independence of the now separated portions of the old empire and she is compelled to an independent existence, however much she may desire union with Germany. Less in size than New York State is the fragment of the old Austria which remains. It is happily to be freed from army and navy, and it must agree in advance to numberless things, not yet formulated, such as the coming treaties with Hungary, Bulgaria, and Turkey. Among other requirements, "Austria undertakes to bring her institutions into conformity with the principles of liberty and justice"—if she does so she will certainly be resplendent among the nations—and the attitude of the Government toward schools and toward the racial minorities within its boundaries is defined in detail. This is, of course, a peace of absolute justice like the German one. Yet one cannot help wondering what a treaty of vengeance would look like and if it would differ very greatly from the one before us. Particularly as one reads this treaty does one recall the words of that past-master of intellectual somersaults, Woodrow Wilson, uttered on December 4, 1917, only a year and a half ago: "We owe it, however, to ourselves to say that we

do not wish in any way to impair or to rearrange the Austro-Hungarian Empire. It is no affair of ours what they do with their own life, either industrially or politically. We do not purpose or desire to dictate to them in any way. We only desire to see that their affairs are left in their own hands, in all matters, great or small." What colossal humbugging of the American people it all was!

IT must have been a shock to more than one good American to learn from General March's testimony before the House Military Committee on Thursday last that our Siberian war was financed from the President's \$100,000,000 war fund. "The President," said General March, "turned over \$5,000,000 at one time and another sum I cannot exactly recall at another, but we believe this money was virtually lent to the Czecho-Slovak Government." General March's belief is interesting, yet we cannot forbear a question. Congress was in session all last summer while the President was deciding on "intervention." Why did not our new Autocrat of all the Russias go before Congress, state his reasons for embarking on a new war, and ask congressional consent and financial support? There would appear to be constitutional warrant and good American precedent for such a course, at any rate. But perhaps Mr. Wilson feared that Congress and the American people did not care to make war on the Russians—we are confident that they do not like his present method of conducting it. We have Mr. Hoover's word for it that eight ships with 20,000 tons of supplies are in the Baltic, awaiting only the fall of Petrograd in order to feed its starving inhabitants. The Russians are to starve because four men in Paris do not like their politics; on the day when they surrender to the ideas and armies of the Big Four, then they may have bread. Unhappily, that day is still deferred.

IN fact, an astonishing dispatch from Isaac Don Levine, dated at Moscow, May 19, published in Saturday's *Globe*, declares the Soviet Government stronger than ever, the streets of Petrograd and Moscow safer than those of New York and Chicago, and the people increasingly united behind the Government by reason of Admiral Kolchak's recent successes, the Allied blockade of the Baltic, and the German peace terms, which are held to foreshadow a Franco-British purpose to dismember Russia and reduce her to slavery. The wireless dispatches sent out from Paris dealing with Russia are published in the Moscow newspapers, says Mr. Levine, and "are absolutely contrary to the facts." The people, he declares, are fighting for peace, and not for social revolution in western Europe, and are anxiously asking whether America will now send food and merchandise. We have no means at all of checking Mr. Levine's information, but it is so diametrically opposed to what we are told from Paris as to deserve consideration in judging the righteousness and expediency of the starvation policy to which Mr. Wilson has made the American people a party. Another element of doubt is injected into the situation by a wireless United Press dispatch from Moscow via Budapest. Foreign Minister Tchitcherlin declares that Kolchak's troops "are retreating in disorder. Kolchak's position is worse every day." Evidently someone is not telling the truth.

FROM Paris, Wilson Harris wires the *London Daily Mail* stating categorically the alleged conditions on which "five of the great Powers" are prepared to recognize Kol-

chak and furnish him with money, supplies, and ammunition. They include: the calling of a constitutional assembly; guarantees against restoration of the old land system or the old political régime; maintenance of the principles of the March revolution; free elections for the Zemstvos and municipalities; recognition of the independence of Finland and Poland and of the autonomy of Esthonia, Latvia, Lithuania, the Trans-Caspian region, and Caucasasia, and the acceptance of "the relations of the present *de facto* Governments of these states with the Allies pending a final decision on their relation with Russia"; Russian adhesion to the League of Nations; and adherence to Kolchak's declaration of November, 1918, regarding admission of responsibility for Russia's foreign debts. A London dispatch reports an agent of the Kolchak Government just arrived there to make arrangements for the sending of ten steamships from England and five from the United States, carrying appropriate cargoes, in return for which the Kolchak Administration has authorized the exportation of hemp, flax, hides, furs, wool, and other products of the Obi and Yenisei valleys. Meantime, Kerensky and his sympathizers in Paris are reported by the Associated Press as strongly opposing the recognition of Kolchak, chiefly because they believe him to be monarchical, and have no faith in any pledges he may make. L

IGNACE JAN PADEREWSKI, the Polish Premier, has issued a plea in avoidance of the ugly stories of Jewish pogroms, ascribing them to the mischievousness of German and Austrian propaganda. He suggests that the historic position of this unfortunate race, the age-long dislike of the Jews, still persists throughout Europe, and that it is unreasonable to expect the new state of Poland to fall at once into an exact observance of their rights. This is very just. It is only the inveterate reformer who, as Mr. Dooley puts it, believes that "men can be tur-nered into angels be holdin' an illiction." But when the Premier denies that any such massacres as were reported at the New York mass-meeting ever took place, he asks too much of the friends of Poland. There is too much good testimony to the contrary. German propaganda was a sturdy whipping-boy and right mercilessly has he been used: but he has begun to faint under his floggings and cannot hold out much longer. There is abundant evidence that these pogroms took place as stated, and (here is the point) took place under the auspices and at the instigation of the local Polish military authorities. No one expects too much of Poland, and we understand how a Government may be temporarily paralyzed by the action of a mob. But at least, a Government may be held responsible for the action of its own agents; and on that assumption we think that criticism of Mr. Paderewski's Government is well founded. Mr. Paderewski asks for an American Commission of Inquiry. Nothing could be fairer; we hope it will be instituted, with a proper representation of American Jews on the commission.

THAT there is a measure of revolution behind the Canadian strike situation would now seem to be beyond question. How consciously the strikers are thinking of overturning the present political rule and of setting up a Soviet form of government is not yet evident; but it appears that under the stress of the general strike this result has temporarily taken place with respect to municipal authority in certain localities. The Strike Committee in Winnipeg seems to be ruling the town; and since we un-

doubtedly should have been given the news of any disorders had they occurred, the absence of such news would seem to indicate the same element of self-control there which is the characteristic feature of this general strike everywhere, and the same assumption of responsibility for order by the workers. It is not safe to conclude that the strike is failing because it is dropping out of the news. In Winnipeg, the recent participation of returned soldiers seems to have added great strength to the movement. In Toronto, we are informed, the real situation has not yet come to the fore. What is now going on in Toronto is the development of an amalgamation in the trade-union field; the "One Big Union" of Toronto is in process of formation. The right of collective bargaining is the ostensible issue on which the general strike is based; but it is stated by the Canadian Ministry of Labor that "the Central Strike Committee interprets the right of collective bargaining to mean that the central body shall have the power to approve or reject any agreement that may be satisfactory to the employer or classes of employers and their employees; which, if granted, would have the result of enabling a Central Committee entirely outside the industry or craft affected to dictate the acceptance or rejection of any agreement." The good offices of the American Federation of Labor have been called into play, and the name of Mr. Gompers is being wielded as a big stick against the "One Big Union" idea. In the meanwhile, the Canadian Government is palpably at a loss for a constructive policy, and, in fact, has been reduced to a condition bordering on impotence. The time is ripe for Canadian liberalism to come forward.

DURING the past few months the business and financial critics of the business Government of the North Dakota farmers have taken prominent part in the popular sport of sticking the label "Bolshevist" on anything one does not like. Notwithstanding this, and despite the legal hurdles yet to be surmounted, the State Industrial Commission appears to be proceeding in a matter-of-fact way, and the Bank of North Dakota, which is central to the farmers' plans, is scheduled to open soon. A Minneapolis dispatch to the *Tribune* informs us that F. W. Cathro, director general, and James R. Waters, general manager of the new institution, have been consulting the Federal Reserve Bank of the Ninth District concerning the policies of the new bank. This sounds quite like ordinary common-sense banking, even though the element of private profit is left out. The North Dakota institutions eligible to membership in the bank include all State institutions, boards, and associations handling public funds, 710 State banks, 180 national banks, four trust companies, 2,084 school districts, 1,514 townships, fifty-three counties, and all incorporated cities, towns, and villages of the State. All public funds must be deposited with the State bank, and will be re-deposited with the various banks of the State, according to Mr. Cathro, who announces that there will be no sudden calling of the sums now in any of the banks, but a gradual shifting to the centres where they are most needed. No loans can be made to individuals except on real estate, elevator or warehouse receipts. Mr. Cathro states that the bank is to be run on a strictly business basis. The extremely quiet and sensible statement of the men immediately in charge cannot but make a favorable impression. It promises well for the success of this interesting experiment by the people of North Dakota in the control of credit for the advantage of the people rather than the bankers.

The development of the plan will be watched with profound interest everywhere; for it marks a new departure in American State government.

THE Lawrence textile workers, who have just won their sixteen-weeks strike for decreased hours without decreased pay, will read with interest, if they should chance to see it, the analysis of the American Woolen Company's annual report for 1918 which appears in the issue of the *Boston News Bureau* for May 28. The Woolen Company, which is one of our most persistent tariff beggars, is capitalized for \$60,000,000, \$40,000,000 being preferred stock and \$20,000,000 common. Its income account for 1918 showed earnings of \$12,324,084 after paying war taxes. But an analysis of the balance-sheet shows the astonishing increase in a single year of \$18,512,699 in working capital, bringing it to \$55,646,053. In addition, a reserve of \$14,500,000 for possible depreciation of inventory appears, "out of a clear sky, as it were," and \$5,251,557 has been written off for depreciation of plant. The *News Bureau* figures the profit aggregate for 1918 at \$171 a share on the \$20,000,000 of common stock. The declared profits of this concern during the past four years, after payment of taxes, were above \$38,000,000, but in addition its surplus reserves rose by \$26,000,000, and its working capital increased by nearly \$34,000,000. In the same period no less than \$10,000,000 has been written off for depreciation of plant, although a number of small mills have been acquired, and the large plants have been put into perfect condition. These figures illustrate the benefits of a protective tariff, a good accounting system, and "the free play of private initiative." If any of us are not American Woolen stockholders, the fault evidently "is not in our stars, but in ourselves, that we are underlings."

OF Robert Bacon it used to be said that his face and figure were his fortune. One of the handsomest of men, there can be no question that his good looks carried him far, as well as his friendships with Theodore Roosevelt and the elder J. Pierpont Morgan. It was the habit in Washington to jest a bit about him when he became for a few brief months Secretary of State, and to insinuate that Mr. Roosevelt was really his own Secretary. But whatever modicum of truth there was in this, it loses all point by the side of the treatment accorded by President Wilson to his two Secretaries of State, Messrs. Bryan and Lansing. The sarcastic Republican proposal in the Senate last Saturday to send a box of toys to Henry White in Paris to play with so that he might have something to do, would have applied equally well to Mr. Lansing during a large part of the Peace Conference. Robert Bacon would probably not have endured such treatment. At any rate, he was a hard-working, useful officer in Paris during the war, with the result that he looked tired-out and ill before he returned to this country. He was a man who had warmly admiring friends in extraordinary number; he was a fine gentleman in the best sense of the word, and he made a dignified and hard-working Ambassador to France. Knowing but little French when appointed, he applied himself to the language with such determination that he made speeches in French after eight months of study. A measure of the man's fine public spirit was his acceptance of the unsalaried position of Fellow of Harvard. To this he was to have given all his time for the rest of his life. But the war ruled otherwise.

The Menace of Famine

MR. VANDERLIP'S serious, able, and truthful statement of the gravity of the situation in Europe has, of course, been deprecated by that large portion of our daily press which is determined that the exact truth as to what is going on overseas shall not be known here. He was, we hear, too pessimistic; he picked out the "dark side of the picture to prove his case"; he was guilty of "notable exaggeration." The same treatment has been accorded to all others of similar views who have come back, if they have received any editorial or press notice at all. Yet every traveller who returns from abroad after looking beneath the surface knows that Mr. Vanderlip's portrayal was none too dark. There is Mr. Henry P. Davison, for instance. He arrived from France ten days ago and said to a reporter of the *New York Sun*: "I would not give a damn for all the peace treaties in the world if something is not done to relieve the incredible, the unbelievable distress that exists in the world today. I tell you that Americans could not sleep of nights—the right kind of Americans—if they knew the misery of Europe in its savage reality." It is no secret that to many members of the American Peace Commission in Paris the outlook for the world is as sombre as it is to Messrs. Davison and Vanderlip. Famine menaces from Siberia to the Rhine, and every day's delay at Paris in the restoration of the normal processes of life throughout Europe increases the danger. Only in America is there a failure to realize what is happening, and to understand how the Big Four in Paris have gone ahead as if deliberately planning to bring all Europe to the very verge of the abyss.

It would be much pleasanter to gloss over what is happening and to imitate our daily newspapers in asserting that all is well, or will be as soon as the Germans toe the mark. But truth compels a different attitude if the facts are to be presented. Mr. Davison purposely passed over the "hunger and destitution that throttle Central Europe" because he wished to speak, in this interview before us, of disease only. Take the typhus situation alone; as he left Paris there came to him word that no less than 275,000 cases of it existed in a belt extending from the Baltic to the Black Sea and that the disease was "rolling westward" in a way to menace the health of the United States itself. In addition, Europe is being scourged by tuberculosis and venereal diseases, the direct aftermath of the war. "More than that"—we quote from Mr. Davison again—"having had to fight men with bullets, it looks now as if the world would have to mobilize to fight—lice."

But, after all, the greatest misery is due to hunger, and here the incredible fact presents itself that American officials in Paris, as well as those of the Allied nations, are deliberately trying to make matters worse. In Hungary, for instance, the policy is now to destroy the Soviet Government by hunger, although not a single allegation of indiscriminate murder or robbery or of violent Bolshevism holds good in regard to Hungary. It is merely because we do not like the Bela Kun Government that our officials, according to uncontradicted press reports, are planning to starve women and children. Upon Mr. Wilson himself directly rests the responsibility, shared only with Mr. Lloyd George and Premier Clemenceau, for the starvation of 300,000 Russians a month—because these three men like neither the form of the Russian Government nor the men who are

at present in charge of it. That we Americans share in the guilt of the deaths of these Russians is not denied in Paris; indeed, in some circles it is a proud boast. As for what is happening in the territory of the Central Powers, Mr. Davison is brave enough to come out frankly and say that the new International Red Cross for which he speaks must plunge in wherever the need is found. He and every other sensible man knows that you cannot have starvation in Germany and not have it affect the rest of Europe. You cannot have lice and venereal disease in Austria and Hungary without their spreading beyond the boundaries of those countries. But the Big Three learn nothing. If Germany does not sign the peace treaty, they propose to put on the blockade again and starve hundreds of thousands of additional women and children in the name of humanity and democracy—while ever thanking God that they are not so wicked or so ruthless as the Germans.

It is hard to understand what some men are made of. How can Lloyd George hold up his head when he reads such statements as have been put out recently by the India Famine Fund Committee in regard to conditions in India for which he, as Premier of Great Britain, is responsible? This English organization, through its Canadian branch, has published an advertisement in the leading Canadian papers from which we take the following facts: "Plague and famine are rampant in India. Death stalks through the land, taking its toll. The existing conditions are unparalleled elsewhere in the history of the world." This Committee estimates that thirty-two millions of deaths have already taken place and that a hundred and fifty millions of people are on the verge of starvation. "There has been no rain since May last [1918] and consequently the country is literally burnt up by the tropical heat. The poor have eaten all their food. . . . The cities are peopled by emaciated humanity. Traffic has ceased, mails are undelivered, and business is at a standstill."

In England the "Fight the Famine Council" has appealed for an immediate peace of reconciliation for the relief of starving Europe and India. But from Mr. Lloyd George comes not one syllable to show that he realizes the situation or that he is moved in the slightest degree by the plight of these Indian wards of the British Empire. Instead, the Government of India becomes more despotic every day. No newspaper may now be printed or published without previous sanction by the local Government, and everywhere the rioting due to hunger and misgovernment has been suppressed in the most ruthless fashion, airplanes being used "most effectively" in the Punjab as in Egypt. Everywhere the leaders of Indian public opinion are signing a pledge that they will "refuse civilly to obey the new coercion bills" as "subversive of the principles of liberty and justice, and destructive of the elementary rights of individuals." Truly, one would think that the men under whose government such things can happen would be remembering an old saying about not judging lest one be judged.

The state of the whole world is so appalling that a peace of reconciliation is obviously the need of the hour, and with it the restoring of the normal processes of life in every country. The warnings which are coming to us from across the seas should not fall upon deaf ears, yet they do not mean that the way out is to accept forthwith the monstrous peace of Versailles. They are but a fresh challenge to the world to strive anew for those wonderful ideals set forth by Mr. Wilson only to be abandoned by him.

What is Government?

THERE is much loose talk and more loose thinking in America about the dangers of revolution. Such lamentable occurrences as the bomb outrages of the present week, which the public is always quick to associate with radical agitation of whatever sort, help lend plausibility to a conception which seems to have got abroad among our well-disposed but uninformed countrymen that in obscure and hidden places plots are forming and bands of socialists, anarchists, and the like are arranging their plans to attack and overthrow the Government. The notion apparently is that these bands, instigated by "foreign agitators," will suddenly rise and march against the visible machinery of government—will attempt to capture the White House and the Capitol, for instance, and install by force a Bolshevik President and a whole proletarian Congress. No less uninformed and credulous a vision of the revolution than this would seem to have been vouchsafed our leaders of opinion who prate freely of the menace and spread of Bolshevism, who attend to radical utterances rather than to economic facts, and who call upon the Constitution to defend us from all ills present and to come. It is the same state of mind which among the diplomats of Paris has counselled the setting up of fictitious buffer states against the advance of Bolshevism in Europe; which can think of nothing better to do, in the face of economic catastrophe, than to go out against it with armies, and thus still further impoverish the world's economic situation; which cannot for a moment get out of the rut of the old political formula and deal with the problem in its real terms and on its real ground. Our leaders, and hence our public opinion, seem to have no grasp of the true factors involved, no sense of actual evolution, no understanding of how or why the manifestation is taking place. Bewildered and alarmed, they invoke the police force instead of statesmanship, and, in the manner of all human inadequacy since time began, seek to pull the world back to the old level where they live rather than try to guide it wisely toward the heights.

Indeed, we are in danger, but not primarily from Bolshevism. Bolshevism is an effect, not a cause. The old world-order in many of its aspects has gone bankrupt, the system has collapsed of its own weight; and we are chiefly in danger from those who brought about this collapse, who drove their own business into bankruptcy. In spite of all, they insist on maintaining the system unchanged. They are the real breeders of Bolshevism. Now we stand face to face with an alternative. Shall we maintain the old system unchanged and quite unimproved? Then blame not Bolshevism for the inevitable result. Or shall we courageously and sincerely modify the old system, forget our privileges and privilege-begotten profits, and attempt to set the world working for the benefit of the world?

But first we must have a clear conception of the issue. Bolshevism does not march down with armies and capture a region or a city; to think of the manifestation in these terms is to confess an inability to escape from the formulas of politics and imperialism. It was Napoleon who marched with armies and captured cities; and today it is Foch and Pershing. Bolshevism captures a city by the city "going Bolshevik." And, by the same token, Bolshevism may not be fended off or crushed by armies. The army of defence

was before the city, when the city went Bolshevik behind the lines. The surest way to bring about Bolshevism in Italy, France, and England today would be for Italy, France, and England to send their armies into Russia to crush Bolshevism; and that, not primarily because of the protest that would go up at home, but because of the economic situation. The world, under the old system, is utterly exhausted. It would not support the enterprise. The same situation might be brought about if Germany went Bolshevik and refused to pay the indemnities. In the first place, Germany would have to be compelled to work under military occupation; in the second place, the cost of the armies would break the back of the Allies. Thus again Bolshevism would jump over the defence and cut in behind the lines.

In short, Bolshevism is an idea, an economic philosophy springing forward as a result of certain economic and political conditions; and if those conditions are created, Bolshevism will inevitably appear. The doctrine itself is nothing new; wherever there are industrial workers, it has been a topic of thought and conversation for many years. This spread of Bolshevism which our estimable but somewhat backward Senators have discovered is nothing but a bugaboo. What they have discovered is that socialists are actually agitating socialism. They had never heard of it before—or perhaps they had never realized what it meant and where it led. Certainly they had never realized (and have not yet) the responsibility which it threw upon them so to govern within their own system as not to justify the arguments of the socialists. Now, with the crisis at hand, they invoke a weakening authority, and seek to suppress the agitation rather than to correct the conditions which feed its flames. They are the blind leading the blind.

What is the answer? Must revolution sweep on unchecked? It depends on the candor and wisdom with which we meet the situation. First of all, we must revise and simplify our whole conception of government. Government inherently is the control of the social and economic potentialities of the land. It is vested in any existing political machinery only in so far as that machinery conforms to the existing potentialities. Successful Governments are those which measurably well conform to the existing potentialities; unsuccessful Governments are those which depart from them, which attempt to maintain a fictitious and arbitrary authority over the laws of economics and the destinies of men. It behooves us, then, to pay attention to existing potentialities, rather than to be jealous of any existing political machinery; lest that machinery fail in its true function and bring down ruin upon our heads. For the potentialities cannot be denied or changed; they lie in facts, and facts are the true law. If we attempt to smother them, they will slip from under the net; if we attempt to evade them, they will pass into other hands. The existing potentialities of social and economic power, neglected too long, will naturally and inevitably set up their own machinery of control. This is revolution. It comes about automatically, when the time has arrived. The forces of revolution do not march upon and capture the Capitol, they do not try to usurp the old political machinery. They simply institute a new control, conforming more nearly to the existing potentialities; and the old political machinery is powerless to prevent it.

The potentialities in the modern world that are demanding representation and a measure of control lie, of course, in the field of labor and industry. They have developed

faster than the old political machinery could keep pace with them. Now, in the breakdown of the whole system abroad, they will not be denied. When, by the threat of direct action, an economic organization can affect and dominate the policies of the Government, it thereby exercises a function of government. It would be idle for any Government to pass laws against the situation; for the manifestation itself is evidence of the fact that the authority of the Government is waning, and that the laws could not be enforced. The lesson for America is plain. It will be of no avail to pass laws against socialism and the general strike, to invoke the name of a rigid Constitution, or to call upon traditional Americanism to save the day. These are the arguments of indolence and stupidity—the very tactics which precipitate Bolshevism behind the lines. What the situation calls for is a clear recognition of altered conditions, of new demands, of a changed world, of the purpose of the workers everywhere that the old system which precipitated the horrors of 1914-1918 shall not be reestablished on the ruins of Europe, and an absolute determination to bring about the changes by discussion, by friendly coöperation, by wise reform, and without the slightest resort to force.

A Problem in Morals

THE note delivered to the Peace Conference last week by Count von Brockdorff-Rantzau, covering the German counter-proposals to the peace treaty, is a temperate, able, and cogent document. It analyzes the punitive details of the treaty with dignity and thoroughness, and at the same time so explicitly that we for our part do not see how any answer in rebuttal can be made except the one which our newspapers assure us will be forthcoming—the answer of Caesar to the tribune Metellus. Without heat of indignation, without cant or attempted pathos or emotional appeal of any kind, the note rehearses the simple facts of dismemberment, loot, and economic servitude that the treaty places before the quondam empire, and lets them stand for themselves as testimony to the faith kept by the Allies. By way of counter-proposals, it offers the following:

1. Germany proposes to proceed with disarmament in advance of all other nations, even renouncing the warships which the treaty leaves her; stipulating only that she be admitted forthwith as a state with equal rights into the League of Nations.

2. In territorial questions, she takes up her position unreservedly on the ground of the Wilson programme; cedes the Polish part of Posen and free ports at Königsburg, Danzig, and Memel, with the Danish districts of Schleswig on the basis of a plébiscite; invokes the right of self-determination where German interests in Austria and Bohemia are concerned; and subjects her colonies to administration by the League of Nations if she is recognized as a mandatory.

3. She proposes an indemnity of a hundred million marks in gold.

4. She engages to devote her entire economic strength to the service of reconstruction in Belgium, France, Luxembourg, and Italy.

5. She offers to put all her merchant tonnage into a shipping pool, yielding freight space in part payment of reparation claims, and to build for the Allies in German yards,

for a series of years, an amount of tonnage exceeding their demands.

6. She offers to replace river craft destroyed in France and Belgium with boats of her own.

7. Wishing to see the workers of the world in all countries free and enjoying equal rights, she desires to "insure them in the treaty of peace the right to take their own decisive part in the settlement of social policy and social protection."

8. She demands a neutral inquiry into the responsibility for the war and culpable acts in its conduct, by an impartial commission having the right to investigate on its own responsibility the archives of all the belligerent countries and all the persons who took an important part in the war.

The note ends with these words:

Treaties of peace signed by the Great Powers have, it is true, in the history of the last decades again and again proclaimed the right of the stronger. But each of these treaties of peace has been a factor in originating and prolonging the world war. Whenever in this war the victor has spoken to the vanquished, at Brest-Litovsk and at Bucharest, his words were but the seeds of future discords. The lofty aims which our adversaries first set before themselves in their conduct of the war, the new era of an assured peace of justice, demand a treaty instinct with a different spirit. Only the coöperation of nations, a coöperation of hands and spirits, can build up a durable peace. We are under no delusions regarding the strength of the hatred and bitterness which this war has engendered, and yet the forces which are at work for a union of mankind are stronger now than ever they were before. The historic task of the Peace Conference of Versailles is to bring about this union.

We call attention to this point of view, not only because it is historically impregnable, but because it is the one which the Allied spokesmen have all along publicly maintained. Count von Brockdorff-Rantzau is simply summarizing the essence of Mr. Wilson's principal speeches, simply epitomizing the published war-aims of the Allies. As a matter of reason and wisdom, what is to be said to this document? Is it good statesmanship to let one's adversary remain so right? The papers say that Mr. Wilson himself is really not very well satisfied with the treaty, that he would rather have had it a little different, a little more in conformity with his earlier notions, which Count von Brockdorff-Rantzau has accepted from him. Is it not the duty of the hour to make that dissatisfaction manifest on the basis of these German representations? Well, we are glad to add that there seems to be a slight chance of it. At least we read that the French are very much afraid that our American representatives will pay some attention to the Germans' reasoning. Thus, a correspondent of the *Times* reports, "one way of looking at the German counter proposals in French official quarters is that without their wants being considered at all they should be disregarded as a violation of the rules laid down for the German delegates when they received the Allied peace terms." But if this French doctrine of "put up or shut up" prevails it will be only because certain protests are ruthlessly suppressed. "For," reports another veracious *Times* chronicler, "there is no denying that a very strong sentiment exists among certain Allied delegations in favor of modifying some of the most severe conditions imposed upon Germany, particularly with regard to economic adjustments." In other words the "still, small voice" of conscience is beginning to make itself felt in Paris at last. Is it too much to hope that reason and humanity may yet prevail?

In Time of Need

FOR the last fifty years, poetry has been forced to live a more or less contraband, Robin Hood kind of existence, disparaged by a civilization busy with its self-chosen mission of industrial and political development. Poetic criticism has been condemned to an extremely low level, and the architectonics of poetry have passed for the most part into the hands of irregular practitioners who possess slight acquaintance with the history or the theory of their art, or even with its regulative canons, and devote themselves largely to doing what is right in their own eyes; and they are encouraged in this by the absence of a sound popular taste. *What use is poetry?*—such is the challenge, curt and contemptuous as Pilate's, laid down by a civilization so sure of its own sufficiency, so persuaded of its own completeness, that, like Pilate again, it has not cared even to wait for an answer.

But now, through the intervention of its powerful ally the Time-spirit, poetry is getting its revenge. The times have taken up the challenge and answered it in no negligible academic terms, but with a sudden and peremptory issue of sight-drafts, payable only in the precise kind of currency that our civilization has consistently depreciated. The spirit of man has suddenly put a large premium on a whole new line of qualities—new in the sense that their value has never been acknowledged, but let go for decades at a ruinous discount. Largeness of temper, wisdom, tolerance, humor, patience, objectivity, the readiness to take a less personal view of affairs, to plough up the mind and reexamine the roots of accepted opinion—these qualities bring famine-prices nowadays, and our civilization has made so little provision against the demand that it is awkwardly short. One sees with interest how, in circles of private acquaintance, those who have these qualities in some measure are the ones who are being sought out and cultivated by their friends, who only yesterday thought but little of them and passed them by. This change in the direction of personal interest is typical and significant. The "practical man," statesman, genius, charlatan, industrialist, pedant, have all had their way with us; the resultant of their activities has been put before us by our civilization as an ideal of what we must do to be saved. But now, the self-preserving instinct of mankind has turned away in sudden distrust of all this, and is searching for another ideal, one more essentially human, and one that suffuses the struggle toward itself with the glow of a satisfying and consoling emotion.

This it finds through poetry; poetry, whose function in this critical emergency was long ago defined by Hesiod and expounded by Aristotle. The poets are the sons of the morning, risen upon the exhausted and distracted spirit of man with healing in their wings. They live as on a mountain, seeing clearly the whole scope of man's "large discourse," noting the essential movement of human life beneath their feet, and charting for us its course, its dangers, and its end. How little acquaintance with them our civilization has permitted; the civilization which now, like poor Mr. Gradgrind, has come out at the end of all its credenda, confused, uncomprehending, and rebellious, feeling only that somehow the stars in their courses have fought against it. One thinks of Homer. Greek has been cut out of our formal studies; it was impractical and got no one anything, so our civilization roughly shouldered it out of the way.

Yet for us puzzled Toms and Louisas under whose feet the earth has given way and left us floundering for our bearings—for a view of life that we could feel sure would not change again overnight—what a pity now that we have not Greek enough to get this benefit from Homer! "Facts, facts, facts!" said Mr. Gradgrind in the heyday of his impressive infallibility; and McChoakumchild, the schoolmaster, proudly echoed, "Facts!" but what would it mean to the forlorn Sissy Jukes of this present world if they were in a way to learn from the Anthology that the Idea is the Fact. Our civilization discouraged the study of foreign languages. Why know German or Italian?—the waiters in foreign hotels all speak English—much better put the extra time on engineering. Yet what would it not be worth now to the poise and stability of the nation if it could have had its views of life communicated to it by Dante, by Lessing, and by Herder, and made a common property.

But to the English poets, at least, we have access, and in our necessity can use them to great profit. We have Wordsworth.

He too upon a wintry clime
Had fallen—on this iron time
Of doubts, disputes, distractions, fears.
He found us when the age had bound
Our souls in its benumbing round;
He spoke, and loosed our heart in tears. . . .

But where will Europe's latter hour
Again find Wordsworth's healing power? . . .
The cloud of human destiny,
Others will front it fearlessly,
But who, like him, will put it by?

Never mind the sterile traditions of the Wordsworthian and anti-Wordsworthian; never mind deciding whether or not Wordsworth was a great poet. Someone once observed to a French critic that it was impossible to call Béranger a great poet. "True," replied the Frenchman, "but he is *for us*." So Wordsworth is a great poet for us, a great poet now; because the special thing he has to give, his *healing power*, is at no end of a premium, and there is a sudden unprecedented demand for it. There is just now an appalling dearth of this spiritual commodity, it is desperately needed, feverishly sought for, and all kinds of quack substitutes are being palmed off on a distressed world in its stead. Therefore Wordsworth should be approached and lived with. So, too, should Chaucer and Spenser; and others too who would pass on a normal rating as only minor poets, like Quarles, Crashaw, and Henry Vaughn. Among our own children of light, Father Tabb was certainly not rated as a great poet while he lived, and doubtless will not be now that he is dead. But he is a great poet *now*, perhaps the greatest of American poets *for us*, because he has in larger measure the healing power that is the chief need of the moment. His unambitious verses, mostly miniatures, bring one into soothing and encouraging contact with a great and wise spirit, tender, unshaken, inviolable. Let us not analyze his work nor undertake to say too closely what is or is not to be gotten from it. Let us not be for the present interested in getting his poetry competently criticised, but in getting it profitably used. Let us put the volume in the reader's hand, along with its forerunners that we have mentioned, and say simply that the present high justification of poetry, the present proof that poetry is an indispensable and powerful aid to the conduct of human life, is in the spiritual profit that at this juncture one finds *there*.

Ireland's Right to Independence

By EAMONN DE VALERA

FOR over a thousand years Ireland possessed and fully exercised sovereign independence, and was recognized throughout Europe as a distinct sovereign state. The hope of recovering full and permanent sovereignty has always lived in the breasts of the Irish people, and has been the mainspring and the inspiration of their political activities. All liberty-loving nations of the world owe to the Irish the recognition of the independence of Ireland, not only because of the indisputable right of the people of Ireland to govern their own national destinies, but also because that right is denied by England on grounds which are a negation of national liberty everywhere, and subversive of international peace and order.

England, being a maritime power, dependent for safety on her navy, because of the proximity of Ireland, deems it a practical necessity to dominate Ireland. Ireland is not so near to England as Belgium or Holland or France is to Germany, as Norway is to Sweden, or as Portugal is to Spain. Yet England resists Ireland's demand for independence on the ground that a free Ireland is incompatible with the security of England, or of Great Britain, or of the British Empire. On such a ground the subjugation of any small nation by a neighboring great Power could be justified. Basing its action on the pattern of England's, a state could claim the right to suppress the independence of any nation whose continued liberty that state declared to be incompatible with its own security.

This very proximity makes independence essential to Ireland, if Irish rights are not to be sacrificed to English interests. Ireland, according to the British Navy League, is merely a naval outpost to be governed for the benefit of its foreign masters. English prosperity being dependent on her maritime commerce, Ireland's national harbors, the best in Europe, are kept empty of mercantile shipping, except such as carries the restricted trade between Ireland and Great Britain. Ireland cannot admit that the interests of one country, be they what they may, shall be allowed to annul the national rights of another country. If England be justified in this respect, there is an end to national rights, and all nations must be prepared to submit to armed interests or to make war against them.

English rule has never been for the benefit of Ireland, has never been intended for the benefit of Ireland. It has done all in its power to isolate Ireland from Europe and America, to retard her development, and to deprive her of a national civilization. So far as Ireland is lacking in internal peace, is behind other countries in education and material progress, is limited in her contributions to the common civilization of mankind, these defects are the visible consequences of English intrusion and domination. The English temper toward the cause of Irish national liberty has produced intolerable results in Ireland. Chief of these results are depopulation, and destruction of industries and commerce; overtaxation; diversion of rents, savings, and surplus incomes from Ireland to England; obstruction to economic development and social improvement; exploitation for the benefit of English capital; fomenting of religious animosities; repression of national culture; keeping Ireland "under the microscope" by a monstrous system of police rule; per-

version of justice; subservience as the price of admission to the judiciary; corruption of the jury system; organized espionage, perjury, and provoked crime; and military government.

"The government of a people by itself," wrote John Stuart Mill, "has a meaning and a reality; but such a thing as the government of one people by another does not and cannot exist." Consequently, the people of England depute the power they hold over Ireland to a succession of satraps, military and civil, who are quite irresponsible and independent of popular control, English or Irish, and who represent no interest of the Irish people.

Ireland's complete liberation must follow upon the application of America's principles. The rejection of these principles is implied in the refusal to recognize Ireland's right of self-determination. We adhere to the numerous declarations by which America's President has emphasized the persistence of an evident principle running through the whole programme he has outlined. "It is the principle of justice to all peoples and nationalities, and their right to live on equal terms of liberty and safety with one another, whether they be strong or weak. Unless this principle be made its foundation, no part of the structure of international justice can stand."

If England objects to the application of this principle in the settlement of the case of Ireland, England thereby testifies that her international policy is based on her own selfish interests, and not on the recognition of the rights of others; that in her future dealings with other nations she may be expected, when opportunity arises, to make her interests prevail over others' rights; and that she means to rule Ireland for profit to Ireland's detriment, to prevent the establishment of beneficial intercourse between Ireland and other countries, and to possess securely both naval and mercantile domination in all seas, but especially in the North Atlantic.

Through a general election Ireland has already clearly demonstrated her will. The Irish people are thoroughly capable of taking immediate charge of their national and international affairs. They are at least not less capable than any of the peoples endowed with national status since the beginning of the war. By a procedure not less valid than has been held good elsewhere, they have constituted a national Government. Ireland's restoration to the society of free nations will be a warrant of the good faith of the new international order, and a reassurance to all the smaller nations. It will be an earnest to other peoples, if justice to Ireland be not "denied or sold or delayed," that England's naval power is not hostile to the rights and legitimate interests of other countries. Ireland's voice in the council of nations will be wholly in favor of peace and justice. Her liberty cannot infringe on that of any other people.

The ambition of Ireland will be to recreate that period of her ancient independence of which she is proudest, when she gave freely of her great treasures to every nation within her reach, and entertained no thought of recompense or of selfish advantage. And in proportion as England gives earnest of disinterestedness and goodwill, in like proportion will Ireland show her readiness to join in making the past to pass into history.

Impressions of Ireland

By FRANK P. WALSH

WE had had a crowded ten days of it, Ex-Governor Dunne, Mr. M. J. Ryan, and I, and I rather think we had all come to the conclusion that the possibilities of emotion had been exhausted. And then, one evening near the end of our visit, our train, en route for Galway, pulled out of Athlone just as the long Irish twilight merged into darkness. Suddenly we noticed a bonfire at a little distance from the train, then another, and another, and yet others. Then we noticed that all along the way every house seemed to have a light in one window. Then we noticed that where the train crossed a road there were torches, sometimes two or three, sometimes a dozen. At the stations, there were crowds with torches—and always the light shining in the window. And so it continued across the breadth of Connaught until, well after midnight, we came to Galway town, where great numbers met us. We have all of us tried to grasp the meaning of that silent welcome, and to understand what was in the hearts of the Connaught people when they lighted the fires on the hillsides as we Americans bearing a message of hope passed by. Surely it could only have been meant to convey to us that the sacred fire was still burning in the hearts of the people after all these thousand years of darkness, to assure us that aspirations extinguishable were ready to burst into flame.

I think we had, at an earlier moment, some premonition of the feeling to be awakened in us by the lights in the windows in Connaught. It was at the meeting of the Dail Eireann specially called to receive us. I have had a good deal of experience of elected legislative bodies in my time, and I am bound to say I have never been in presence of a body whose membership impressed me more highly. In personality, capacity for leadership, sublimated patriotism, eloquence, prudence, and application to the business in hand, the Irish body has nothing to suffer from the comparison. And the proceedings of the Assembly, except during that part which was devoted to our reception, were conducted in the Irish language. It will probably take us some time yet to realize the full significance of this astonishing fact. But something of that significance was revealed in the course of the week that followed, for I noticed that everywhere we went we were presented in Irish, and that the people seemed to understand. We used to come upon groups of small children who saluted us in Irish. We saw for ourselves that the children from cultured families were being sent to Donegal where they would hear nothing but Irish.

We met in Dublin a delightful *raconteur* who explained to us how intolerable conditions had become. "If you walk unsteadily in the streets you are arrested for being drunk; if you walk upright and steadily, you are arrested for drilling." I must say I am not surprised at the mystification of the authorities which this comment revealed. In Cork we were followed by a long procession, probably three thousand men—all, so far as could be seen, just plain civilians forming part of an ordinary street crowd. Suddenly one of my colleagues in the carriage with me said, "Listen," and I listened. The street crowd were walking absolutely in step, the clack, clack, clack, in perfect marching time resounding from the pavement. Not a man of the three thousand could have been arrested for anything but drilling.

And this is going on everywhere. The Irish nation is undergoing voluntary military discipline.

In such circumstances it becomes a matter of the highest importance to estimate the quality of the national leadership. I would not like to exaggerate, but it seemed to me that Mr. De Valera revealed during my intercourse with him the possession of the attributes of leadership in as high a degree as I have found them in any public man of my time. Of his associates—and those whom I had the best opportunity to study were Mr. Griffith and Mr. Brugh (Burgess he was before he went back to the Irish form)—I cannot imagine better or more efficient support than it seems to me their leader can command from them. There are others, now numbered by hundreds, of such amazing activity and such keen intelligence that I do not see how anyone seeking to impose upon Ireland a government from outside can hope to succeed while they are there. And back of these are the people.

Everywhere it was manifest that the confidence in Mr. De Valera was of an order which men yield only to genuine leadership. The foreign Government know with what they have to count. The police often are not bad fellows, and they are always good judges of the situation they have to confront. Not once but many times we learned that, realizing their helplessness, they appealed to the local Irish leaders not to let anything untoward happen, for which the police, of course, would be punished. They were always accommodated. A still more striking manifestation was given at the end of the Mansion House episode. When things looked threatening, and it was decided to remove the troops that had been sent there to bar our way, Mr. De Valera was requested to ask the crowd to keep order. He did so, and actually cleared a passage through which the troops could march quietly off the scene. Among what might be called his remoter lieutenants there is a spirit of daring that strikes one as amazing. Half an hour after the soldiers were gone, the three men for whom they had been looking for hours were moving about in front of the Mansion House, shaking hands with their friends. Such things can happen only where one people try to govern another and find the task inherently impossible.

There was a surprise for me in another quarter. I thought I knew something about the labor movement, and I am still rather bewildered over having talked in Ireland with the three most interesting men in this field that I have ever met. We derived great satisfaction, also, from our interviews with Cardinal Logue, Archbishops Walsh, Harvey, and Gilmartin, Bishops Fogarty, Mac Roy, and others of the episcopal and clerical leaders of Ireland. Exaltation there may be and is among the youth of Ireland in the presence of the accomplishment of their country's destiny. But let it not be thought—at least we can never think so, after what we have seen with our eyes—that the qualities of mature judgment and sober vision will be lacking so long as the Church produces such spiritual leadership.

One day there was handed us at Castlebar a souvenir of the coming of the French. There was a priest there who had tried to calm the young people. The French came, and went, and afterwards the priest was hanged from a tree. Wood from that tree was given us by a charming old lady. Another old lady gave us, all bound in woolen strains of orange and white and green, a nosegay in which were a bit of shamrock with roots still in the turf, a sprig of forget-me-not, and some blooms of primrose—primrose, I believe, for hope.

Foreign Correspondence

I. Paderewski's Poland

(By a Special Correspondent)

Warsaw, May 6

POLAND is all that the lovers of Kosciusko, Sienkiewicz, and Thaddeus of Warsaw could have wished it to be. The streets glitter with braided uniforms; trumpets are heard winding their calls down the long avenues and around corners; officers, followed by orderlies, go galloping over the cobbled thoroughfares and out by the park where Poniatowski's lakeside palace dreams away, and where Pilsudski's residence sits apart in its own little forest; everybody—at least the male everybody—wears sidewhiskers à la Werther, and kisses the married ladies' hands devotedly. The store windows are crammed with eggs and butter and beautiful white-bread, and the cafés dispense whipped cream, and the restaurants serve juicy wienerschnitzels. Nobody is regulated by cards but buys and guzzles what he will and the opera is nightly crowded with male gorgeousness and female modesty. In short, business as usual—the bourgeois God's in his heaven and all's right with the (bourgeois) world. Of course it is different in the back streets, among the unconsidered proletariat; in a certain rear tenement, for instance, where cower in cellar dwellings, damp and crawly as dungeons, whole families of "Luft-Menschen" who out-do the changeable chameleon. For it is assumed that even a chameleon needs fresh air to survive. But these dun-colored human chameleons—one old lady chameleon I particularly have in mind, whose sightless eyes swam up at me, a red rheumy horror, an elderly and puzzled Oedipus—these human chameleons have to live on the fetid air of sub-cellars. And they have not even the satisfaction of conscientious objectors, of suffering for a principle, except that of the "necessity of staying alive." But to review the unspeakable is not the purpose of this article. If I wished to depict human misery unrelieved and unvarnished, I could make each particular nerve of compassion of the average human twitch like the exposed base of a hollow tooth. I give merely one figure as illustrative. Warsaw has almost 400,000 Jews. Of these, nearly one-half sit, walk, and sleep with starvation as a constant companion.

One should not expect everything from a new Government. The intoxication of real independence after one hundred and fifty years of singing "Poland is not lost" must be allowed for. It will be understood why and how Poland has become the land most enamored of nationalism and the pomp and glory of the elder patriotism. To taste the glory of victory over an ancient foe, and the fatness of territorial conquests, must be intoxicating; the ideals developed during a struggle of generations now meet with unimagined satiation. All Poland's long dreams have come true—in a world that will have none of these ideals. The empire of the Jagellons is a real hope of the Poles, notwithstanding that it would include Lithuanians, such as will be left after the backward and forward sweep of invasion and evacuation, Ukrainians, Russians, and lesser nationalities. After Pilsudski, conqueror pro tem. of Vilna, had announced to the adoring population of Vilna, at least those of them who survived the glorious conquest, that he would give the Lithuanians a chance to decide their own fate, the Polish Zeim promptly had a debate in which it was declared that Pilsudski's Vilna

statement was unauthorized and that it was not at all agreed that the Lithuanians should have the right of self-determination. About the darker deeds that have been done, by way of Polonizing the Lithuanians, and Bolshevizing the Jews so that the latter may be slaughtered without protest from a bourgeois Peace Conference, the less said the better. Enough to mention the single fact that thirty-seven Jews, many of them house-owners and tradespeople, some of them very old men and women, were cruelly murdered when Lida was taken recently in the Vilna campaign by the Poles. They were murdered under the designation of Bolsheviki. Future generations will have to substitute the Bug River in Kipling's song for Suez. In short, with regard to what is happening East of the Bug, a bourgeois Providence and its college professors have taken a nap.

The present Polish Government wears side-whiskers and lives in the days of the immortal Sir Walter, who poses in our Central Park Mall with an everlasting crick in his neck. The glorious revolution was accomplished, and the upper crust will live happily ever after, with occasional little wars against bumptious neighbors—wars which will keep the breed from going effete. So goes the hope. And now come all these troublesome little questions of starvation among the unimportant masses, socialism, self-determination of occupied territories, radical legislation. The Poles—at least those of them not entirely calloused by starvation—feel that they ought to be given a decade at least in which to catch up. It is not fair to Poland to deprive it of its impulsive, romantic youth. They want a decade at least of mid-Victorianism before they turn sober twentieth-century, and begin to wrestle with the problem of proletarianism.

Meanwhile there is no reason why the United States, which is furnishing tons of food via Danzig, should not insist on food rationing in Warsaw and other large centres. Probably the quantities of food in the shop windows are deceptive; but the rich people should not be allowed to gorge on cream and white bread and meat when teachers in the schools in poorer neighborhoods testify that twenty-five per cent. of the children are constantly ill because of undernourishment, because they get no fats or meat or sufficient farinaceous food. In any event, if a rationing system were introduced, the appearance of greed and plenty in the midst of starvation would be done away with. One improvement was made about ten days ago at the instance, it is said, of a foreign mission. The bakeries were forbidden to bake cake in any form. Let us hope that this is the beginning of a determined raid against the inalienable right of upper-class Poland to wallow.

One should not expect too much of a new Government. The Zeim (the Polish Parliament) has slipped back into "stand-pattism," a tendency that it shares with the Governments of all the Middle-European states, new and old. From the North Sea and the Baltic down to the Adriatic, the brilliant hopes of the common people—expropriation of landed estates, socialization of great industries, and legislation for the benefit of the working people—have sorrowfully faded. As the new Governments feel themselves firmer, so they find it less necessary to cater to the dreams of the masses or, as I heard a Mid-European statesman say, the demands of the street. One thing, however, one must say for the present Polish Government. It succeeded Pilsudski's régime, which was socialistic in trend. Since coming into power it has really never pretended to be socialistic or to desire radical reforms. The *Narodowi Democraci*, the party of

Paderewski and Dmowski, is in power. The other party, which is much smaller, is the Socialist party. The N. D.'s, as they are known, block all progressive legislation. Only when it comes to the question of land expropriation do the "Little Peasants" deputies go with the Socialists. These "Little Peasants" do not want communization of the land, but subdivision of it among the "Little Peasants." They are not socialists at all. Nearly eighty per cent. of the population is on the land and is politically undeveloped. This population does not want radical or advanced legislation of any kind. Hence the strength of the N. D.'s. As for the chances of proletarian success through violence, that seems equally remote. The Socialists had a most impressive celebration here on May Day. They marched from all corners of the city, twenty thousand strong, to the main square, under red banners, many of which were dedicated to "The Dictatorship of the Proletariat." The Internationale echoed through the streets from early morning until late at night. But despite this, the communist party is weak. And the thousands of people who are starving do not appear to be politically self-conscious. Starvation alone does not create Bolshevism, despite popular belief to the contrary. It requires starvation plus education. And most of the Polish *intelligentsia* still wear gilt braid and side-whiskers, and resemble Pendennis in his early youth.

One should not expect too much of a new Government. In the field of romance nothing has yet been done. A small loan—a mere flea-bite of a loan in comparison with the country's needs—was raised with the utmost difficulty. The former Minister of Finance introduced a bill looking toward the stamping of the paper money and the withdrawal of a part from currency. His project was similar to that actually carried into effect by the Czech Government, but it failed, presumably because of its invasion of the rights of property. Now a much more drastic proposal has been mooted, to issue new money and exchange it against the old on the basis of thirty per cent. of the new for one hundred per cent. of the old. Something will have to be done to reestablish the Polish paper currency.

This subject of finance brings one naturally to the whole question of Poland's economic future. Poland, at Lodz, Warsaw, and other centres, had, before the war, a considerable industry the raw material for which came mostly from Russia and other countries. The finished products went in great part to the Russian market. Poland also acted as middleman between Germany and Russia. Much of the German import business was handled through Warsaw, it appears. Now Poland finds itself cut off from its source of supply of raw materials, its market for manufactured products, and, finally, its business partner. What walls will Germany and Russia raise against this state which has neither raw materials nor freely accessible markets?

Danzig, from the circumstances indicated above, seems the only life-buoy, the only exit to a market for Polish products. Much more solid comfort than the hope of Danzig must be the consciousness that most of the Poles are farmers, and hence that the prosperity of the new nation is well assured. But tremendous readjustments of population will be necessary. And that curious phenomenon which we first attributed to Bolshevism when we read that Petrograd was dwindling to half its size—the depopulation of great cities—which will proceed in Vienna and Budapest, may also take place in towns like Lodz. Warsaw is safe, because it has become the capital of a great state. Where

can this city population of Poland, nearly half of which is Jewish, go? Unlike the Russian proletariat, even the Christian working people have been separated from the land too long to return to it again. Emigration? One hears the word on every side, at any rate from the Jews. And emigration depends very much on America. Shall we close the doors of hope on thousands of tortured and despairing souls?

Again, one must not expect too much of a new Government. In the military field, however, according to all reports, things are spinning. The silent rivalry between Pilsudski and Haller, whom the N. D.'s are setting up as a sort of Pompey to Pilsudski's Caesar, has only aided the military development. It has been asserted that the Bolsheviks offered the Polish representatives peace and withdrawal from Vilna, but Pilsudski had to meet Haller's arrival in Warsaw with fresh laurels, and so made his Vilna campaign. The work of recruiting the army by conscription continues. The Republic's soldiers may, eventually, reach five hundred thousand. Has it ever struck us that the United States is really a very military nation, supporting perhaps 150,000 troops in Czecho-Slovakia, perhaps double that number in Poland, and perhaps treble that number in various parts of Russia, not to speak of Rumania's several hundred thousand—perhaps a million troops in all on the continent of Europe? For without our help in money and the rest, these armies would vanish like the mist sucked up at dawn, and with them the imperialism of the new states just created.

This brings us back to a former thesis. East of the Bug River, not to speak of numerous regions west of the Bug River, there are no Fourteen Points.

II. David Lloyd George

London, May 10

DAVID LLOYD GEORGE has now reached the pinnacle of his career. The next few months will show whether that edifice is built upon the rock or upon the sand. Meanwhile his supremacy is undisputed. Not only is he at the head of a far larger parliamentary majority than has followed any British statesman of modern times, but at one of the greatest crises in the history of the world the responsibility for the future of the British Empire has rested upon his shoulders.

How can we explain the rise of a poor village lad to so commanding an eminence? In many respects he is the British analogue of Theodore Roosevelt. There seem to be no limits to his energy or capacity for work. The man who, when preparing his Insurance Bill, labored fifteen hours a day for a seven-day week is at any rate exempt from the charge of being a slacker. He has a passion for the lime-light, and unquestioning confidence that, whatever is to be done, he is the man to do it. He has a combative temperament, linked with a quick decision that never leaves him shivering on the brink of any Rubicon. Again and again he has shown his courage, from the time when he stood up for a group of Welsh peasants against the exactions of a domineering parson to the days when he confronted the national mania in his opposition to the Boer War. Though this quality was most conspicuous in the earlier part of his career, it has not yet deserted him, for it was exhibited as notably as ever when he cheerfully took the risks involved in the *coup d'état* by which he supplanted Mr. Asquith.

He possesses another valuable asset in his popular sympathies, which spring from personal experience of the hard lot of the struggling masses. He is a consummate demagogue—I use the word here in no disparaging sense—in his ability to appeal to the emotions of the multitude and to touch that chord of popular sentiment upon which the speaker of public school and university training can rarely play with effect. In his finest speeches he is exalted by the rhapsody of the *hwyl*. He turns every public platform on which he appears into an Eisteddfod. He is an unrivalled master of the art of vivid metaphor. Instances might be culled from almost every important utterance he has delivered. It may suffice to quote one example from his 1910 campaign against the Lords: "The brilliance of the sunshine of their lives blinds them to the squalor around them." Such things stir the blood, and arouse the duller audience to an enthusiasm that would never be awakened by the most cogent argument.

In his private practice as a solicitor, Mr. Lloyd George gained a reputation for his skill in harmonizing conflicting interests. He would get a group of men seated around a table, and, after eliciting the points of difference between them, would suggest some compromise that would restore agreement. Since those days, he has utilized this gift in many a wider field. As Cabinet Minister and Premier, he has revelled in his opportunities of reconciling the irreconcilable. He has an uncanny swiftness in discerning by what concession here or modification there an apparent deadlock may be averted. And, if he is thus expert in mediation between opposing forces in whose affairs he is not himself concerned, he is no less adroit in dealing with any disaffection that threatens his own influence. It would have been a treat to see him as a ship's captain quelling an incipient mutiny. Whatever the discontent, he is never long in discovering some "dope" that will soothe it. Some of his recent speeches to assemblies of labor men dissatisfied with the Government have been tactical masterpieces. He would start by some humorous sally, perhaps at his own expense, that would put his hearers in a genial mood. In the atmosphere of goodfellowship thus created, he would contrive either to minimize the grievances felt by his audience or even to switch off attention from them altogether by a rhetorical appeal to patriotism, and he would presently sit down amid a tempest of cheers.

This nimbleness will rescue a politician out of a good many tight places, but when it is brought into play too often it is apt to undermine the confidence that is essential to a leader's permanent influence. It is well enough for the day, but awkward facts that have been ignored or evaded reassert themselves the morning after. The weakness of Mr. Lloyd George's brilliant feats of reconciliation between opposing interests is that, though both parties may leave the room in the conviction that they have won their cause, one of them discovers on later reflection that it has been "had," and the old trouble breaks out again with increased bitterness. The failure is most serious when the conflict that is supposed to have been thus adroitly settled is one that has its roots in fundamental differences of principle. "Mr. Lloyd George," as a writer in the *New Statesman* justly remarked the other day, "may be as clever as you like, but he is a master of only one device—government by expedient. A crisis arrives; he meets it by an expedient expressly designed for it, ignoring for the time all the secondary effects of the expedient. A more serious crisis arrives; he gives a

still more brilliant exhibition of virtuosity, leading to a crisis yet more serious. And so on." The pledges and promises by the aid of which he won his general election are an excellent illustration of the immediate success and subsequent failure of these arts. A talent for improvisation is worth a great deal on occasion, but as a method of governing a great empire it breaks down.

After all, Mr. Lloyd George's statesmanship is that of the acrobat. And it has the defect that, when he makes his most agile leaps from one horse to another, his more slowly-moving followers are apt to cry out that they have been betrayed. When expediency seems to counsel a change of policy, he makes the jump with lightning rapidity, but those to whom the old policy was a matter of settled conviction regard the manœuvre with bewilderment and indignation. When he sold liberalism for protectionist support, he declared that he was as much a free trader as he ever was. It was perfectly true. Free trade never meant to him what it meant, say, to Lord Morley. He was equally ready to throw over Irish home rule at a moment's notice, for to him it was never more than a plank in a platform.

Even those articles of his political faith which he has championed in the past with most enthusiasm have never been part of himself, and he can therefore sacrifice them without any sense of suffering from amputation. It may be doubted whether he has ever really thought out any big problem whatever. His faith is rooted in no body of consistent principle, to the test of which he can bring such matters of policy as may require his attention from time to time. He has never studied anything, but has made it his practice to pick up as he went along such information as might seem to be required to meet the emergency of the moment. His ignorance is colossal, and his inaccuracy amazing. When the question of proportional representation came up in the debates on the recent Parliamentary reform, he admitted that he had never thought it worth while to look into the subject. In his Queen's Hall speech in August, 1917, he showed that he believed the Monroe Doctrine to be embodied in a treaty which had been signed by several of the Great Powers. No one ever went into an international conference with so little knowledge of the nature of the problems to be solved as he took with him to Paris. The *Challenge*, the leading organ of progressive movements in the Church of England, declares itself profoundly shocked by the airy way in which he recently confessed his ignorance about Teschen. It means that he "was absolutely ignorant not merely of the fact but of the very existence of a capital question of European politics, and that during four and a half years of war he had not sought to ascertain what the question of the settlement would be." And when the subject actually comes up, and he is compelled to learn something about it, he "confesses he derives his knowledge, not from history, not from study, not even from experts, but from the balancing of *ex parte* statements."

At the time when Mr. Lloyd George was carrying through his famous budget, the defenders of the privileged interests he assailed were fond of sneering at the presumption of "a little Welsh solicitor" in essaying so great a task. New point is given to the taunt when we find him attempting to establish a new world-order by a series of astute deals, and endeavoring to reconcile the age-long contentions of races and nationalities by the expedients with which a shrewd country lawyer appeases litigants in some petty village squabble.

HERBERT W. HORWILL

Scholarship and Humanism

By LANE COOPER

IN the *Nation* for May 10 Mr. Norman Foerster, commenting upon the doctoral degree in English, quotes with a slight inaccuracy a passage, on the aim of literary study, which (so he says) may serve "as the creed of the humanist." It would seem from the context in the *Nation* that the passage was drawn from the writings of Wordsworth. In reality it is mine, and may be found preceding an authentic quotation from Wordsworth on page 55 of my "Methods and Aims in the Study of Literature"—a volume the general tendency of which is not in accord with the drift of the article by Mr. Foerster.

Since my creed, or a part of it, has the sanction of this amiable writer, and is accepted by him as a basic ideal for the training of teachers of English, it seems proper to challenge a few of his subsidiary contentions; and the more so because his sentiments will evoke the applause of men who, having had an inadequate scholarly training, cannot perceive the eternal bond subsisting between scholarly (i.e., scientific) investigation and the ennoblement of humane learning.

To begin with, he makes a distinction between the dilettante, the investigator, and the humanist. But the distinction is false. The great investigators in language and literature have been humanists, and the great humanists have been systematic scholars and investigators; examples readily suggest themselves, from Dante and Petrarch down to Boeckh and Ten Brink and Gaston Paris, and the leading American scholars of our own day. For clarity of thought we need an Aristotelian distinction involving a desirable mean and two undesirable extremes, the one more undesirable than the other—thus: (1) the dilettante, or sentimentalist; (2) the pedant; and (3) the scholar, representing the golden mean—the investigating humanist. Of the vicious extremes, the sentimentalist, possessing a naïve or a sophistical eloquence or a specious show of breadth, yet deficient in exact knowledge and in a real power of generalization, will be more acceptable to the crowd. The pedant may be useful, at least to the investigating humanist; for the pedant will hew wood and draw water, and something may be done with what he collects.

Whence comes the notion that scientific research is not humane or that there is any kind of study, properly so called, that is not scientific? Certainly not from an examination of the lives and activities of inquiring men. Plato was the central figure of a group of scientists and scholars. Aristotle, whose leadership in the study of poetry and rhetoric is still secure, was primarily a biologist; he, too, was the centre of a group, some of whom did a great deal of intellectual hewing of wood and drawing of water for him; while he himself never disdained to share in these fundamental labors. Nor can any scholar, "humanist," or doctor of philosophy safely pass a lifetime without engaging in the simplest inductions. As for language and literature, Dante was the first of modern investigators into linguistic science—in the service of poetry. And Milton, great poet that he was, avoided neither the humbler nor the higher tasks of scholarship. Not to speak of his collections for a Latin thesaurus, or to track him far in his varied scientific and scholarly pursuits (every one of them

reflected in his poetry), we may note his geographical work on Muscovy as an example of integration from first-hand sources. And his "History of Britain" in itself is a reply to any one who would exclude the period of Old English ("Anglo-Saxon," as Mr. Foerster calls it) from the studies necessary to a first-rate teacher of our language and literature. Was Chaucer less human, or more human, for his monumental work upon the ballads? The sentimentalist comes short of full humanity in not recognizing the great human law of obedience to the facts. The pedant (not the humble scholar, fired with a love of humanity, and therefore laying the lowliest duties upon his heart) is inhuman because he lacks philosophy. The scholar, the humane investigator, is faithful in little things, and, with the help of that *prima philosophia* recommended by Bacon, he also rises to an elevation whence he can survey details in perspective.

Though America has had few examples of industry to match the unwearied application of a Littré or a Rohde, or many another Continental scholar, what our teaching of English mainly lacks, if I mistake not, is this "first philosophy" that enables one to rise above the level of the study in which he engages, so as to relate the details to one another, and the whole to the scholarship of his time and all times. The defect, evinced in many ways, is notable in our mishandling of general terms, such as "science," "investigation," and "philology," which are employed with some unconscious restriction, while the writer fancies he is generalizing. And the cure? For the aspirant to the doctoral degree in English the cure is to be found in the "Encyclopædie" of Boeckh and the systematic treatises on the study of language and literature that have followed it; the work is better known in France than here, and to the humanists than to the narrower students of language.

All study is scientific, methodical. All study is investigation—proceeding step by step. The first step consists in observing some one thing in particular. But doubtless too many of those who assume the direction of graduate students are in haste to put the raw recruit in the advance-guard of scholarship. In the first year the recruit should learn the manual of arms—should investigate certain things that have already been studied to advantage. How crude, how unfurnished, he often is, in comparison with the product of a French *lycée* or of the Continental schools in general! We dare not expend too much of his time upon matters that are unknown to the leaders in his field. His desire for discovery, for learning, can be satisfied in the acquisition of first principles; with adroit instruction, he will assimilate and reconcile the great critical treatises of the ancients, of Aristotle and Horace, of Plato and Longinus, together with the modern works of Sidney and Shelley; examining them for himself and reporting what he finds, not hearing about them at second hand in lectures, he will make the principles live within himself by supplying illustrations drawn from his own reading of masterpieces. This organization of his own knowledge is itself a scientific procedure. Even so, it is well to whet his desire by an occasional glimpse of the undiscovered country. Eventually he must have more. The ideal teacher of English

needs the experience, at some time a prolonged one, of ascertaining and combining facts that have not been interpreted, in an untrodden realm where there is no escape from first-hand observation, comparison, and inference. He is to be a leader in the advancement of learning throughout the nation; he cannot become such without this experience, which is necessary to the development of a directing mind; if he is potentially unfit for a lofty calling, the sooner he is frightened out of it the better for him and his country. No man dare say that his soul has performed the highest functions of a humanist until he has endured the test of intellectual independence. Transcendent genius may include the quality of mind that is fostered by research, without the actual experience, though we do not know this; in Plato, Dante, and Milton, genius did not dispense with investigation. For the high degree of talent we may demand of our teachers of English in the future, participation in research is indispensable.

If we are to ennoble the doctorate in English, we may not proceed *in vacuo*, nor yet on the basis of surmise by Professors Foerster and Elliott; we must build upon what has been accomplished by gifted men of long experience in the training of graduate students. In order to improve on the past, we should first try to equal the best that has been done in this country, and in England, and on the Continent. This emulation involves a direct scrutiny of certain schools of the humanities and their leaders. If I may speak for myself (since Mr. Foerster gives my creed his approval), I have tried to formulate my demands of a candidate for the doctoral degree in English to some extent by abstracting and combining elements from the theory and practice of Yale (as represented by Professor Cook), of Harvard (as represented by Professor Kittredge), and, to go to the field of the ancient classics, of Johns Hopkins (as represented by Professor Gildersleeve); for from these three centres have proceeded humanizing influences that have been potent for good in the country at large; the teachers who owe their training to the three scholars mentioned have been marked by breadth of perspective, artistic precision of knowledge, and a disposition and ability to vitalize the forces of society. But in considering what we should expect of candidates for the doctorate, we still have something to learn from an elder generation also, from the generation of Child and March and Shedd, of Longfellow and Norton.

We have something more to learn from the scholars of Great Britain and the Continent; which brings us to what Mr. Foerster calls "German" scholarship. I am well aware of the injury to humane studies in central Europe and elsewhere through the recent commercialization of applied science. But the objections to "German" scholarship usually proceed from writers who have glanced at the titles of a few dissertations, who know almost nothing of the leading Continental scholars of whatever nation, and who have failed to note that the system of university training is virtually uniform from Scandinavia to Sicily. The complaint, if made, should include the scholarship of Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Flanders, and Switzerland—not to mention Austria and Russia. Nor does the average German scholarship in the narrower sense lie open to the strictures commonly passed on it—of pedantic dullness and accuracy, and tame submission. When poor, it may be charged with inaccuracy, and with forced hypothesis and frantic generalization. But we are not considering the

average—or what should we say of the average scholarly output of the American professor of English or of Latin? If we are primarily thinking of classical scholarship in Holland, Germany, and Austria, it owes its special impetus for the last century and a half to England and Richard Bentley. The German tendency to the organization of studies owes much to the French encyclopædists of the eighteenth century.

The great tradition of scholarship, of humanism, goes back to Plato and Aristotle. The learning they bequeathed was developed, yet gradually divorced from philosophy, in the Alexandrian age, but found a sort of unity again in Cicero, and again in Plutarch. It was kept alive in Europe in the earlier Middle Ages by the Benedictine monks, but flourished in Arabia and Syria, and in Ireland and England; whence it returned to the Continent, first from England, and then, in the later Middle Ages, through the Saracens, though rills had all along trickled in from Byzantium and Toledo; and, partly through influences from Byzantium, Græco-Roman culture was revived in Italy in the Renaissance, thence spreading northward. In the earlier Renaissance, the tradition was rather Latin and Ciceronian than Greek and Platonic. More recently—in Boeckh, for example—the Greek tradition reached a point of culmination. Meanwhile the tradition of Biblical scholarship, originating in the Fathers, had never wholly failed. With the Reformation, as in England, begins the history of a scholarship devoted to the vernacular literatures; and an organization of this scholarship appears in the latter half of the eighteenth century, at least for English. But the organization proper of scholarship for the Germanic and Romance languages and literatures follows the synthetic work of Boeckh and his age for classical studies. Like the organization of classical and Biblical scholarship, it has centred in Germany and France, yet has been the accomplishment of Europe as a whole, the North building upon foundations laid by the South.

Since the English have shown no special genius for the organization of studies, we must look chiefly to the Continent for sound traditions in rebasing our demands for the doctorate; reviewing the entire history of classical and Biblical scholarship, in order to plot the curve of development in English and related subjects. Nor may the leading scholars in modern subjects, such as Ten Brink, Gaston Paris, and many others, be disregarded in our survey.

Of course the dissertation should be our main requirement for the doctorate. Who has thought otherwise? But the nature of the subject cannot be wholly determined in advance; it will vary, not only with several types of mind, but with the needs and capacities of the individual student, so long as the fundamental habits of thoroughness and accuracy are not imperilled. Furthermore, the dissertation should not be useful only to the man who writes it, or only to him and his preceptor. If the subject is well-chosen and well-treated, the monograph will subserve the vital interests of at least a few persons in this country, possibly of more in Great Britain, and of yet more upon the Continent. The choice demands knowledge and imagination in the teacher. Here, again, the imagination has excellent models for its guidance in the best of the "Yale Studies in English"; of the "Harvard Studies and Notes in Philology and Literature"; of the monographs produced by students of Professor Carleton Brown, Professor Manly, Professor Bright, and others. At Columbia a great many

excellent subjects have been hit upon. In England, we have the admirable series of Professor Herford at Manchester, not to speak of the stimulating influence of Professor Ker, the late Dr. Furnivall, and many others. In France, the doctoral dissertation is the work of a more mature student than in Germany, appearing ten years or so after the author has become established as a teacher; such are the monographs produced by pupils of men like Beljame and Angellier, or frequently of classical scholars like the brothers Croiset. The German dissertation, commonly written by a young man of wide reading, does not often display or utilize his general attainments. It is too often perfunctory, too much subordinated to other parts of his training. Very few are useless, and some are of great value; the quality has always differed in different universities. Of late, the topics suggested by Professor Kaluza at Königsberg will bear inspection. In Denmark, under the same kind of training, the monographs written under the direction of Professor Jespersen offer hints that may enter into our synthetic conception of the range of topics suitable for the dissertation in English. This conception must arise in part from the philosophy of scholarship, and in part from experience—through inference from the best work already done under the best teachers. Alas, how few of us can know what we ought about the great scholars, the great humanists, of the Italian Renaissance!

The classical renaissance reached a temporary culmination about the year 1850. We are now in the midst of a renaissance of the Middle Ages, of the life that made possible the Divine Comedy and the French cathedrals. Though the mediæval elements in Spenser, Shakespeare, and Milton are obvious, the more definite reintegration began with the poets and scholars in the latter half of the eighteenth century, and was carried on by their successors in the nineteenth—for example, in the "Ecclesiastical Sonnets" of Wordsworth and in the "Idylls of the King." The brothers Grimm, Montalembert, Ruskin, illustrate various aspects of the same revival, which has indeed been multi-form. The great English historians contemporary with Ruskin—Stubbs, for instance—were mediævalists. And the great productive scholars of the present day are mediævalists. This vital movement, which is now becoming unified, assuredly has yet some time to run; and it will sweep on regardless of falsetto protests from neo-pagans, or from unoriginal minds that contemplate eddies on the surface of learning.

For Europe and America the two fountain-heads of modern culture are the ancient Mediterranean civilization (of Greece, Rome, and Palestine) and the Middle Ages. Modern times, modern languages and literatures, are unintelligible apart from the ancient and mediæval sources from which they sprang, and from which they still proceed. Thus the recent war can hardly be understood by one who is ignorant of political theories and political conditions in the Middle Ages, or, say, of English ideals from the time of King Alfred. The statement might be deemed a truism, were it not often denied by implication; the fact has a necessary bearing on the demands we make of our doctors who are to propagate the English tradition.

That the ideals we hold dearer than life were formed in the Middle Ages is the primary reason why we cannot dispense with the study of Old English. It is astonishing to find a man who affects some interest in those ideals contending that the serious student of them may forego an

acquaintance with the language, literature, and general civilization of England before the time of Chaucer. Not to mention the poetry of Cynewulf, one of the six or seven great English poets, how are we to grasp the full meaning of Chaucer, or of Langland, or of Wycliffe, or of "The Pearl," without a previous familiarity with Old English? Are we actually to consign the age of Alfred, the early history of the Church in England, and the development of Biblical English, to the limbo of oblivion? To observe English literature, English ideals, from the time of the Renaissance alone is to observe them only in their period of diffusion. Before the age of colonial expansion, the ideals of English culture lie all together, as it were, and are clear and distinct; subsequently, they are scattered, overlaid, often more or less dim and tarnished. We test the genuine English tradition in a Wordsworth, a Tennyson, a Kipling, by reference to parallels in the Middle Ages.

Thus we may justify a seminary course in Chaucer, or at all events in some topic involving a study of the Middle Ages. There is good reason for selecting Chaucer himself: he is remote enough to insure the perspective that intensive courses in Spenser, or Shakespeare, or Milton, or a more recent author, are not certain to develop in a graduate student; and for the ends of investigation the scholarly apparatus is now more adequate for Chaucer than for any later poet save Shakespeare. Again, he is a meeting-point for Old English scholarship, mediæval French and Italian scholarship, and (through Boethius and the like) classical scholarship. Nearly all our studies lead to him, or away from him to modern times. The uncritical assumption that he may be dealt with in scholarly fashion by one who has neglected Old English may satisfy the purveyor of second-hand notions in a finishing-school for young ladies; it may even echo a lecture by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch; it will hardly do for a modern humanist and a leader of university studies in English. What Chaucerian scholar of note has lacked a complete linguistic training? Tyrwhitt? or Child? or Skeat? or Ten Brink?

We have heard too much ill-considered talk about "mediævalism" and "Anglo-Saxon," and about the classics forming "the great tradition and inspiration of English literature," and English literature beginning with Chaucer—as if Christian culture meant nothing to our poets, or as if there were no classical culture in Bede and Aldhelm, in Alcuin and Ælfric. Such notions are tags by which the real humanist of the present may detect the sham or one-sided humanist who has lagged behind the march of scholarship. I venture to say this with the more emphasis because it has been my lot to do what I could, in teaching, in research, and in publication, to promote the study of the ancient classics in relation to English. But nearly all I should like to say concerning false notions of mediævalism, and of investigation, and of the relation of the Middle Ages to the humanities, has been anticipated by two writers who are far more competent and adroit and learned and humane than ever I can hope to be; I refer all who wish to consider the creed of the humanist, and to formulate requirements for the doctoral degree in a modern subject, to the address on "The Dark Ages" by Professor Grandgent in the "Publications of the Modern Language Association" for 1913, and that on "The Province of English Philology" by Professor Cook (*ibid.*, 1898).

Quench not the spirit; but prove (*investigate*) all things, and hold fast that which is good.

A Synagogue in Poland

By LEAH RACHEL YOFFIE

I STUMBLE, from the foul and noisy street,
Down four flag steps, into the basement gloom.
Here Rembrandt figures in the bare, bleak room
Drone from the Talmud. Deep in their retreat
Blear-eyed old women mumble at their prayers.
A tall swart youth with spirit-haunted eyes
Winds praying shawl about him, while he stares
Into the dimness, at the forms which rise.

The reader pounds the desk for evening prayer;
An awful quiet falls. God's presence creeps
Upon these swaying bodies, bent and spare.
"Out of the depths I call," a hoarse voice weeps.
"How long, O Lord?" cuts through the air. A thrill—
A beard droops low, and all again is still.

In the Driftway

PRISONER 8731 was sitting in his cell. He was a conscientious objector, condemned to fifteen years. He had been given a chance to do civilian work in the army, and had refused. He had been brought before a court of amateur judges. He had been beaten, strung up, fed on bread and water, kept in solitary. The jailors had broken his wrist but had not broken his will. His tortures had only strengthened him in his purpose not to carry arms. Through the iron bars of the small window came the noise of a distant band, of loud voices, of excited multitudes. The prisoner heard it and ventured to ask: "What are they celebrating?" The guard looked at him with contempt. "That noise," he answered, "is the city welcoming its greatest citizen. The fellow they have gone out to meet was a dirty conscientious objector like yourself. But he saw what was expected of him. He killed twenty-five Germans, and now he is a hero, and when he dies he will get a statue, while you have been sitting here, a miserable coward." Then the guard slammed the door. When he told the story of the interview to the warden that night he added a strange observation: "It did not even make the fellow mad," he said "he just sat there and smiled. Now, what was there funny about it?"

THE announcement that China will manufacture her own wireless apparatus carries The Drifter back to a hot afternoon when he sat, with the British-Tobacco-Man and the Bible-Agent on the Missionary's porch in a compound in the shadow of the Great Wall. It was in the days of mediaeval brigandage (to be exact, three years ago), when mud walls must still suffice to save property-holding man from his marauding fellow. The Tobacco-Man had just told the latest gossip of a town not so far away which for three days had been sacked by the bandits. Finally the Government troops arrived and sat down to parley outside the walls. Not a step would the soldiers stir until they were promised, as a reward for expelling the bandits, the privilege of looting the town themselves. The officers finally compromised by allowing them three hours for personal quest if they would at once proceed on the foe. The

troops marched in—in republican khaki and monarchical pigtailed—and the free spirits of the plain, having had first choice of the spoils, got cheerily to horse and not a blow was struck. "But the inhabitants of the town," added the Tobacco-Man, "suffered more in three hours of soldiers than in three days of bandits—which only proves the efficiency of the Chinese army." The Drifter's eye wandered over the brown Oriental landscape; what was that like a modern exclamation point on the hills above Kalgan? Could it be a wireless station? It was. The Bible-Agent explained: "That was meant to be the vanguard of civilization—China's frontier is creeping on. The settlers must be protected—the troops must keep in communication. Camels were good enough for an empire, but a republic must have wireless." "Do they use it?" asked the Drifter suspiciously. The three men smiled. "Nevermore," said the Bible-Agent. "The first operator snapped just one message: 'Brigands coming. Troops in full retreat. Am following.'"

EMPLOYMENT in the stockyards is supposed to be brutalizing, but the Drifter sometimes wonders if the herding of human animals is not even more so. Every morning he watches a New York subway guard ramming in the creatures that fling themselves with the despair of a last chance into the already overflowing car. With shoulder and stout right arm he packs them in, yanking at those who project too far—to avoid a general slicing—bangs the door with a set face and mops his brow as the next train pulls in. What a life! Cattle-car restrictions are not binding on subway traffic; men and women, though still on the hoof, may be packed as if they had already reached the canning stage. With his fellowmen but stampeding cattle, what should one expect of the sullen herder? But one morning the Drifter, who is known to his fellow-commuters as the Peripatetic Horticultural Exhibit, saw the subway guard glance at his armful of flowers. Joy swept over his face and transformed him from the uniformed automaton to the old-world peasant. Next morning the Drifter tried an experiment: as he stepped aboard he thrust into the arms of the guard a sheaf of lavender iris. The man fairly shouted with joy and in response two signalmen peered out from their mysterious cavern. The guard pointed to the receding train and the Drifter caught the flash of a picture—three white faces shining out against their gloomy underworld, the iris delicate as Persephone's poppy in Hades, and a lantern swung high by the signalman, in the never-ending search of Diogenes. The Drifter's conclusion is that after all if Cerberus had had the run of hill and dale instead of guarding the gates of—the subway, he might have been a companionable dog.

THE DRIFTER

EOANN DE VALERA, formerly professor of mathematics in Maynooth College, is President of the recently proclaimed Republic of Ireland.

FRANK P. WALSH, formerly chairman of the Federal Industrial Relations Commission, and joint chairman, with ex-President Taft, of the National War Labor Board, is chairman of the delegation sent to Paris by the Irish Race Convention held in Philadelphia.

LANE COOPER, professor of the English language and literature in Cornell University, is the author of numerous critical and scholarly works in his chosen field.

Correspondence

Amicus Certus in Re Incernita

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I wish to speak the goodwill I feel from week to week as I read the *Nation*. It brings a message of sanity and faith. At a time when the world seems under the insanity of fear, and is turning back to the cruel work of answering unwelcome truth, or possible error, not by reason, but by force, those who keep their head and know that such a use of force means going back on the only saving power that has brought the race on, ought to greet one another. "Let truth and error grapple; whoever knew truth to be beaten in a fair fight?"

That was Milton's charter of liberty both of religion and government. There is no other way in which democracy can be saved. If it is not safe, and may not be trusted, then all democracy is based on sand. Our faith is that if men are permitted freely to hear error and truth, a majority will choose truth. That is what the First Amendment to the Federal Constitution means. The founders of the Republic put it first because they knew it was chief in the safety of the nation they were founding. When we forsake that and resort to force, we commit the sin against the holy spirit of American Democracy which cannot be forgiven.

It is because the *Nation* is one of the few organs of that faith that I send this greeting. I know there must be hours for such a journal that are dark—when one is tempted to say, "The struggle naught availeth." I hope the *Nation* in such an hour will not surrender and permit those to win who are buying up all the organs through which the soul of democracy is trying to keep alive. That would be treason indeed—treason not only to democracy, but to the hope of man.

Fargo, N. D., May 20

CHARLES F. AMIDON

Mr. Van Dyke's Position

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: An editorial paragraph in your paper of May 10, gives apparent sanction to an alleged statement by a Mr. John F. Moors, of Boston, that I have been "preaching bitterness and hate."

I have not the honor of Mr. Moors's acquaintance, and do not know whether he made the statement attributed to him or not. If he made it, either he spoke rashly on misleading newspaper reports, or else he deliberately misrepresented me. In either case you will do me the justice to correct the falsehood.

I have never preached hatred against the German people. But I have preached righteous wrath against the Potsdam gang who planned and forced the war of 1914, and against the beastly barbarism with which they conducted it. The German people were bamboozled and misled to support the Potsdam gang by deeds of bloody valor. They fought fiercely, but they fought for the wrong, and they were beaten. Now they must confess and repent their fault and bring forth fruits meet for repentance. They must restore what they have taken, repair all the damage they have done, and be bound over to keep the peace in future. If they will do this, they have the undoubted right to live as a people and to restore the honor which they had in the days of Kant and Goethe and Schiller. Otherwise—not!

This, as I understand it, is the meaning of the terms of the peace treaty: the elimination of Germany as a military menace, the repayment by Germany of the damage that she has done in this criminal war, and an opportunity for the repentant German people to make good their place in the society of free, civilized nations.

This is what I have preached, steadily and consistently: not vengeance but vindication; not hatred, but righteous indignation against the plotters and authors of this horrible war; and

after they have been justly tried and punished, a chance for a new and better life for a repentant German people.

The question remains now as it was in the beginning: Are you pro-German and pacifist, or do you love a righteous peace well enough to fight for it and put it through?

Princeton, May 23

HENRY VAN DYKE

[It is just because the *Nation* loves a righteous peace that it abhors the abomination which has come to pass in Paris.—Editor of the *Nation*.]

Classified Labor

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: At the present time when labor organizations are making world-wide demands for higher pay, better conditions of labor and more considerate treatment, it would be opportune for employers to present several phases of their own discontent to the consideration of workmen.

What assurance is the employer to have that the work he pays for is well done, and what assurance is the expert workman to have that his special facility and skill are to be recognized and paid for accordingly?

It is time that the labor organizations adopt a fair basis for the pay of labor; that is, inferior work should not be paid as much as perfect work. In this regard, the demands of union workmen seem to the employer to be fundamentally unfair.

Labor should be classified and registered. Workmen should insist on this so that good men with good records may claim recognition and employers may, by consulting a workman's record, know exactly the class of work a man can be relied on to do, with a recognized rate of pay for that grade of work. By this means, a man's record may be referred to, with an ever increasing scale of wages as his experience shows his value.

It seems to me that by the classification of labor there will be established fair dealing between workmen and employers. Organized labor should be classified labor.

Washington, D. C., May 30

ELI YATES

Jerusalem the Golden

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As a Jew interested in the progress of the Jewish people I wish to take exception to some statements by Mr. Schiff in his article on "The Need for a Jewish Homeland," in the *Nation* of April 26.

Palestine, except in poetry and imagination, never was "a land flowing with milk and honey." "Palestine," says James Bryce in his "Impressions of Palestine," "is a country poor in any natural resources. There are practically no minerals, no coal, no iron, no silver, though recently some oil wells have been discovered in the Jordan Valley."

To be carried away by a traditional love for the Holy Land may be fitting for poetic exaltation, but it is far from describing what has actually existed.

Elsewhere in his article Mr. Schiff tells us that Palestine is to become the land where opportunity will present itself to the Jews to live under conditions which are "freed from the materialistic influences of the western world." This brings a legion of questions to the mind and seems to imply that materialistic influences and the Jewish people are inimical entities, foreign to each other and hostile in the extreme. But what are the facts? If the western world is materialistic, let it be known that, in common with his fellow-man, the Jew has added his part in making it so. To confine materialistic influences to Western Europe is another commonplace generality. Are we to suppose for one moment that the peoples of the Orient are free from materialistic influences? Would the Jew lose anything of his keen business ability because of his Oriental environment? The ancients of the Orient before the day of Western Europe

were as sordid and materialistic a people as could be found anywhere—the Semitic peoples not excepted.

Granted that it would be possible for the Jew to maintain exclusiveness in the face of ever-increasing cosmopolitan internationalism, would he even then produce his best? "The Jewish nature," says Dr. Abrahams, an authoritative Jewish historian, "does not produce its rarest fruits in a Jewish environment." Again he says, "It is true that the Jewish mind does not reach its highest in a narrow environment, but it does reach its most characteristic."

Zionism may be a good or a bad thing. Perhaps it should be given a trial. But in any case Zionism will be immaterial to the progress of the Jewish people in lands distant from Palestine.

Meadville, Pa., May 27

ERNEST R. TRATTNER

Finland—White and Red

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: An editorial paragraph in the *Nation* of May 17, dealing with the internal affairs of Finland, contains a number of serious errors which perhaps I may be allowed to correct.

It should be remembered that before the commencement of the Bolshevik revolt in Finland, complete democracy prevailed, with equal and universal suffrage, regardless of sex. The Bolshevik revolt was not commenced through the will of the majority of the Socialists, but was instigated through the agitation of the Russian Bolsheviks. The Russians offered the Finnish Reds the use of the enormous supplies of ammunition stored in the country by the Russians, and 60,000 of the Russian Bolshevik troops joined the forces of the Finnish rebels. The farmers of the country, without arms, were the first to undertake the suppression of the revolt. During the revolt both sides lost heavily, and after the Reds were finally defeated the Government of Finland had in its custody over 120,000 prisoners. Regular court proceedings were instituted and 65,000 were immediately liberated, 37,200 were released on probation, 25,200 were sentenced to imprisonment, and 130 who were found guilty of individual murders, robberies, and other serious crimes, were shot in accordance with the sentence of the court. By the amnesty declaration of October 30, 1918, 9,800 of those sentenced to imprisonment, were given their liberty, and by the terms of the amnesty declaration of December 7, 1918, 6,000 more were set free. This is the "White Terror," of which the newspapers have been speaking in reports secured from the Bolshevik Press Bureau at Stockholm, or from persons who had secured their information exclusively from Red sources. It should further be noted that the entire labor union membership in Finland was only about 40,000, so that it would have been impossible to execute 60,000 officials and leaders of the movement, as the papers have stated. In the year 1917, the total vote cast by the Socialists was 375,306, and in the last election their total was 361,191. The decrease in the Socialist vote is due in a large measure to the fact that thousands who had formerly voted the Socialist ticket now voted for the candidates of either the National Progressive or the Agrarian party. Thus the disfranchisement of some thousands of participants in the Bolshevik revolt is not alone responsible for the Socialist decline. According to the returns of the last election, the Socialists have eighty members in the Diet and the other parties 120. It may be added that the total vote cast in the last election was relatively greater than in the preceding elections.

The *Nation* further states that the regent of Finland, General Mannerheim, was stoned by the populace in Copenhagen while returning from England, and that he saw fit to remain away from Stockholm, although he had planned to visit that city. The Finnish, Russian, and Danish Bolsheviks in Copenhagen had planned a demonstration against General Mannerheim, but the Danish people themselves showed him notable

friendliness. General Mannerheim visited Stockholm, where he was received with great ceremony. The defeated rebels of Finland were accorded milder treatment, in spite of all bitterness, than has been shown by the Government of Lenine, or by the Spartacus group of Germany. It is true that, during the revolt, relatively more Reds than Whites were killed in battle, but that was the result of military tactics, and this regular warfare cannot be called "White Terror," especially as the Whites fought merely to preserve the liberties of Finland and its free social system.

AKSELI RAUANHEIMO*

Suomi Bureau, Finnish Government Information Service
New York, May 21

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I call your attention to certain errors in an editorial paragraph in the *Nation* of May 17? The real facts are bad enough without being exaggerated, and constant efforts are being made to minimize or misrepresent those facts. It must be remembered that the civil war in Finland was started when the workers found that the illegally selected White Guard element was entering into a compact with Germany and was arming itself to put down the Finnish workers. Under these conditions, the workers got ammunition from Russia, though in insufficient quantity, and their Government was defeated because the White Guard got efficient military support from Germany. Following this defeat, according to reliable information derived from an investigation recently conducted in Finland, over fifteen thousand men and women were executed, over ten thousand of them being shot down with machine guns in batches of from fifty to five hundred by the Finnish White Guard and the German invaders, without any trial—and after the civil war was already over. These figures should be substituted for those contained in the paragraph above referred to. According to the official figures of the White Guards eighty thousand prisoners were in the prison camps shortly after the civil war was over and the head of the official medical commission of the White Guard Government, in a statement reprinted in Scandinavian countries, confesses that at least ten thousand died of starvation in the prison camps.

You are also in error in stating that the Socialist vote did not decline in the last election. The figures actually show a slight falling-off, but considering that about fifteen thousand Socialists fell in the civil war, ten thousand died of starvation in prison camps, and about fifty thousand fled to Russia, the conclusion is unavoidable that at least seventy-five thousand new voters must have supported the Socialist ticket at the recent elections. This they did despite the fact that the White Terror prevailed (and still prevails) in Finland, threatening with summary death anyone who dares to express openly his abhorrence of the Mannerheim rule; and despite the fact that the White Guard Government suppressed most of the Socialist papers, closed the labor halls, and prevented the Socialists from carrying on an election campaign.

The facts regarding General Mannerheim's visit to Stockholm are these. He planned to visit Copenhagen, Stockholm, and Christiania, on invitation of the kings of the three countries concerned. He visited Stockholm, and was received with great ceremony by the king, but with still greater ceremony by the people of Stockholm, who stoned him with bricks and bottles during his travel through the city. Only the calling out of the army detachments in Stockholm saved him. He visited Copenhagen, and was accorded a similar demonstration by the workers of that city. He did not dare visit Christiania, as the Norwegian workers threatened a general strike if the "mass murderer" should visit their city, and the Norwegian Government in consequence cancelled the invitation.

These are the facts about the situation in Finland.

SANTERI NUORTEVA

American Bureau of the Russian Socialist Federal Republic
New York, May 24

Literature

Recent Books of Poetry

- The New Morning.* By Alfred Noyes. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.
- The Wild Swans at Coole.* By W. B. Yeats. New York: The Macmillan Company.
- The Song of Three Friends.* By John G. Neihardt. New York: The Macmillan Company.
- Escape and Fantasy.* By George Rostrevor. New York: The Macmillan Company.
- The Chosen Nation.* By Irwin St. John Tucker. Chicago: Published by the Author.
- Songs and Poems.* By John Jay Chapman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE more significant of Alfred Noyes's new poems might be said to represent him in the capacity of poet laureate of Anglo-Saxondom—of the British race in England and America. For this his recent considerable residence in this country has obviously done not a little; but the main point is his concern for that type of moral idealism which has done most to bring the two countries together. This, rather than political doctrines and exigencies, forms the stuff of his poetic thinking on public matters, and in consequence his verses are much more truly representative of the kinship in question, if less rich and varied in substance, than those of Rudyard Kipling. A fine instance of the romantic interpretation of the Anglo-American spirit, in the present volume, is the little poem called "Ghosts of the New World," whose concluding stanzas run:

What? Is earth dreaming still?
 Shall not the night disgorge
 The ghosts of Bunker Hill,
 The ghosts of Valley Forge,
 Or, England's mightiest son,
 The ghost of Washington?

No ghosts where Lincoln fell?
 No ghosts for seeing eyes?
 I know an old cracked bell
 Shall make ten million rise
 When one immortal ghost
 Calls to the slumbering host.

Many readers will turn even sooner to the noble lines called "The Union," which became widely familiar when written after the entry of the United States into the Great War; they might have been dashed off by Swinburne, had he lived to celebrate that stirring moment. Aside from this portion of the collection, we regret to find little in the volume that can be called memorable. One knows that Mr. Noyes will be always both a fluent and a sound-hearted companion, quick to communicate the sense of beauty—moral beauty first of all, and brave enough to praise the chief goods of life despite their obviousness and to do so with limpid clearness despite the seductiveness of what is called "suggestion." In his earlier volumes this was so, and there was also present a rich quantum of sensuous beauty of imagery and rhythm—the days of "Kew in Lilac-time." In the later volumes there is an increasing proportion of intellectual content and moral earnestness, with a more or less corresponding diminution of beauty. But the dilemma implied in this change is not inherently necessary, and is the last thing which Mr. Noyes would wish to admit. The problem is, can we (or he) keep the sensuous beauty with the intellectual and moral seriousness? In the poem on "The Union" it is solved—and in some others, but not too many to count. Five interesting numbers called "Criticism" represent Mr. Noyes's sturdy combat against lawlessness and decadence in contemporary society and art: for the most part they must be admitted to be sound in substance, but in execution boyishly blunt and unagile. Pure satire is scarcely within his range. On the other hand, the real battle against the sins which he despises in his generation is to be won by convincing proof that Duty not only is the voice of

God but wears a smile than which we know not anything more fair; and Mr. Noyes has done noble service to precisely this end. Finally, no reader of the present volume should omit to notice a charmingly philosophic character-sketch, called "The Old Gentleman with the Amber Snuff-Box."

Mr. Yeats's new volume is distinguished by the degree in which it ignores the late war, and in one of his poems he tells us that this is deliberate:

I think it better that in times like these
 A poet keep his mouth shut, for in truth
 We have no gift to set a statesman right.

Instead of addressing statesmen, his Muse has remained loyal to that happy, eerie world of the symbolic imagination, where float the fifty-nine wild swans of Coole, and where also dwell the fisherman of Connemara "who is but a dream," and the "yellow-eyed hawk of the mind," and the creeping cat Minnaloushe, and Michael Robartes who understands the eight-and-twenty phases of the moon. To be refreshed in spirit by the denizens of this region, untouched by common human toiling and moiling, it is not at all necessary to know just who or what they are—to consider too curiously why one who looks "through the white thin bone of a hare" is able to laugh serenely at "all who marry in churches," or why the fool's tame hare left his hearthstone and the speckled cat to run after the sweet note of the horn. For some, that is, Mr. Yeats's lovely image-land suffices; they may even join in the aspiration—

I would be—for no knowledge is worth a straw—
 Ignorant and wanton as the dawn.

Others may rest in the long established assurance that among living poets Mr. Yeats has perhaps the subtlest and surest ear for nuances of metrical rhythm, knowing just how far to vary the curve of the cadence without losing the dominant design; of this the new volume gives renewed evidence, though we fear there is nothing in it quite worthy of the days of the "Isle of Innisfree." And on the other hand, if some should insist on plain speech, without mystery or symbolic veil, they may turn to the passionate simplicity of the ode in memory of Major Gregory, reminiscent, in its naïve concreteness and personality, of Dunbar's "Lament for Dead Makers":

And that enquiring man John Synge comes next,
 That dying chose the living world for text,
 And never could have rested in the tomb
 But that, long travelling, he had come
 Towards nightfall upon certain set apart
 In a most desolate stony place,
 Towards nightfall upon a race
 Passionate and simple like his heart. . . .

Some burn damp fagots, others may consume
 The entire combustible world in one small room
 As though dried straw, and if we turn about
 The bare chimney is gone black out
 Because the work had finished in that flare. . . .

I had thought, seeing how bitter is that wind
 That shakes the shutter, to have brought to mind
 All those that manhood tried, or childhood loved,
 Or boyish intellect approved,
 With some appropriate commentary on each:
 Until imagination brought
 A fitter welcome; but a thought
 Of that late death took all my heart for speech.

Here language, rhythm, and feeling are neither mediæval, Elizabethan, nor modern, but suggestive of all three in their timeless directness and flexive force.

Another escape from recent war is found in "old, unhappy, far-off things," and these form the matter of Mr. Neihardt's volume—the second of his "epics" of the land and era of the early American fur trade. The first of the series, "The Song of Hugh Glass," attracted instant attention on its appearance some years ago, and this poem has the same singularly compelling energy of movement, combined with sound poetic interpretation. We are not sure that Mr. Neihardt's claim for the truly epic character of his heroes and their age can be substantiated; those whom he has thus far presented seem scarcely possessed

of such greatness of soul, or such representative character in respect to racial and national themes, as to win a place beside those of the great cycles instanced by their creator. But this is a matter of little or no importance, compared with the fact that in these works—call them "epics" or not—the ancient powers of narrative poetry, which have functioned so slightly in recent times, are in no small degree revived. One picks up the tale, as the prevailingly lyrical character of our poetic experiences has trained us to do, seeking only for glimpses of possible charm of detail, and presently finds himself swept into the current of the narrative and borne along by the sheer gusto of its stream. What is more, the movement blends subjective and objective content—if we must still use those ungainly terms, for which Ruskin cursed the Germans so savagely—with surprising effectiveness; that is to say, the narrative has to do with the vigorous physical action of man, externalized on the background of equally objective natural forces, and at the same time (as our modern nature demands shall be the case) with inner forces of the spirit. Mr. Neihardt's representation of the epic of the seasons, passing behind and among his human characters, is among the most interesting elements of his technique. For example:

Now e'er they left the Ree town by the Grand
The revellers had seen the spent moon roam
The morning, like a tipsy hag bound home.
A bubble-laden boat, they saw it sail
The sunset river of a fairy tale
When they were camped beside the Cannonball.
A spectral sun, it held the dusk in thrall
Nightlong about the Heart. The stars alone
Upon the cluttered Mandan lodges shone
The night they slept below the Knife. And when
Their course, long westward, shifted once again
To lead them north, the August moon was new.
The rainless Southwest slackened now and blew
A wilting, worrying, breath-sucking gale
That roared one moment in the belled sail,
Next moment slackened to a lazy croon.

Note also the fine blend of interpretive sympathy and humorous onlooking comment in the following passage, which follows a brief tragedy in which certain of the plainsmen lost their lives in a conflict with Indians:

At sundown on the summit of the hill
The huddled boatmen saw the burial squad
Tuck close their comrades' coverlet of sod—
Weird silhouettes on melancholy gray.
And very few found anything to say
That night; though some spoke gently of the dead,
Remembering what that one did or said
At such and such a time. And some, more stirred
With lust of vengeance for the stolen herd,
Swore vaguely now and then beneath their breath.
Some, brooding on the imminence of death,
Grew wistful of their unreturning years;
And some who found their praying in arrears
Made shift to liquidate the debt that night.
But when once more the cheerful morning light
Came on them toiling, also came the mood
Of young adventure, and the solitude
Sang with them.

It is a taxing problem to maintain a just equilibrium of style in a long poem of this character, and we do not feel sure that Mr. Neihardt always succeeds in remaining true to the type. For instance, the direct veracity of his description of the prairie fire is surely impaired by such a passage (however fine in itself) as that about old Chaos moving

Once more across the transient realms of form
To scatter in the primal atom-storm
The earth's rich dust and potency of dreams.

A long way, this, from the viewpoint of the fur-traders! But there is perceptibly less of that sort of thing in the present poem than in "Hugh Glass," and perhaps in the next it will entirely disappear. Finally, we must not omit to call attention to the interesting metrical medium adopted for these narratives—perhaps most like those once famous heroic couplets of Leigh Hunt which were not heroic couplets at all. The point, of course,

is to make the rhyme not a determining factor in verse structure, but a partially muffled—though regularly recurring—note, like a gratuity added to blank verse. Tastes will differ as to the relative effectiveness of this mode in narrative, but it is undeniable that Mr. Neihardt handles it skilfully and with surprising naturalness, almost never permitting a rhyme-word to draw attention to itself for its own sake (as in the ill-fated couplets of the "Endymion"), but drawing the movement and meaning of the verse through the rhymes, so to say, unaltered save for the added touch of tone-color. We have been tempted to dwell on these matters of technique so far as to leave room for never a word on the tragic story of the Three Friends; that the reader will do well to discover for himself.

The temptation to make a volume of conventional size was happily escaped by George Rostrevor, whose modest collection called "Escape and Fantasy" is marked by a selective spirit of restraint; that is, one may assume—as one ought always to be able to do—that much has been discarded while these poems remain. Mr. Rostrevor is frankly a mystic, writing of visions of both night and day, but he does not confound the mystical with the obscure, nor does he exhibit the commonplace mystic's want of humor; witness a charming picture of the poet's spirit, lifted to heaven in an ecstasy, breaking into laughter as

I spied
How my puny body lay
In a coat of sombre grey
Six foot long amid the heather.

The style, too, for the most part happily represents that child-like spirit for which reverent idealism and light-hearted fantasy are in no wise incompatible. On the serious side we may pause to read this perfect little vision of "Elysium":

Hushed their feet fall
On the dewy grass:
In robe rhythmical
Shining they pass:
Lovers who for bliss
Grave and rare and deep
Need no clasp, or kiss,
Or lovers' sleep.

The Reverend Irwin Tucker's poetic vision of "The Chosen Nation," we may confess at once, finds a place in this paper on grounds not wholly—perhaps not even chiefly—of pure literature. Written, in part, during the writer's criminal trial in a United States Court, and warranted to contain in condensed form "all that he knows of history," it awakens a curiosity touched either by the comic or the pathetic, according to the mood of the reader. To the student of Shelley the interest is greatly enhanced, since we have here an intense and lifelike reproduction of the spirit of Shelley in the days of "Queen Mab" and "The Revolt of Islam," with the single difference that Mr. Tucker's standpoint is Christian. His method runs back, through Shelley, to Volney's "Les Ruines," in its effort to summarize world history, interpreted by a radical, by means of vision; and the form and movement of verse and stanza are those of "The Revolt of Islam," though without (we need hardly remark) Shelley's flaming force of imagery or wonder of verbal charm. The real significance of the poem lies in the fact that internationalism, first made a poetic theme by Shelley before the word had been coined, has now become a world theme for the consideration of every man who does not wish to bury his eyes in the sand, and it is certain that we shall have a new poetry of the world-commonwealth, in part filling the place of the poetry of nationalism. The scope and fervor of the hopes of the prophets of this commonwealth are presented by Mr. Tucker with sincerity and eloquence, rising at the best to positive beauty. His pageant of the nations is concluded by the refusal of America to respond to the great call of the hour, and the succession of Russia to the spiritual leadership of the new world. Some further detail, justifying both these interpretations, might well be demanded for the sake of exposition either dramatic or political; but to the writer, sitting at the moment in

Judge Landis's court-room, they no doubt seemed self-evident.

The new collection of Mr. Chapman's verse contains in the first place recreations reminiscent of the days when there were leisurely gentlemen of cultivated taste—dexterous translations, "Lines in a Copy of Virgil" (we had not supposed any one wrote lines in a copy of anything, any more), and celebrations of chamber music; and in the second place the usual memorials of the war. These latter are for the most part frankly occasional, and to be read with any intensity of response demand that the reader shall put himself back to the moment which gave them birth, as it clamored for worthy expression. History, if it turns Mr. Chapman's pages, will no doubt be chiefly interested in his astonishing discovery that Mr. Roosevelt brought about the entrance of the United States into the war, and thus was the savior of France; one wonders if the Harvard Club was able to listen to this revelation (written for one of its meetings) decorously. But in the case of one brief memorial composition all such doubts and cavils find no place, and it seems to us that the memorable adequacy and simplicity of the verses called "Heroes" must ensure that they shall not be soon forgotten. A noble concentration, truly Greek in quality, animates these lines with the best that war has wrung from the world's heart (we omit the two opening stanzas):

Be it the mystery of love—
Be it the might of Truth—
Some wisdom that we know not of
Controls the heart of youth.

All that philosophy might guess
These children of the light
In one bright act of death compress,
Then vanish from our sight.

Like meteors on a midnight sky
They break—so clear, so brief—
Their glory lingers on the eye
And leaves no room for grief.

And when to joy old sorrows turn,
To spring war's winter long,
Their blood in every heart will burn,
Their life in every song.

Belgium in Wartime

Belgium. By Brand Whitlock. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

PRESIDENT WILSON did not depart from precedent when he included such men of letters as Thomas Nelson Page and Brand Whitlock in his list of appointments of American diplomatic representatives in Europe. In the good days of peace His Excellency—as he promptly and unescapably becomes to his European servants and visitors—the American Ambassador or Minister often enjoys long hours of relaxation between the exertions of successive cornerstone layings, pilgrim banquets, and other similar important occasions of speech-making. He sits in his office in the Chancellery or in his study in the Embassy with little more to disturb him than the pleasant subdued hum of the typewriters in the stenographers' rooms, or the occasional entrance of the first or second or third secretary with a paper to sign, or a reminder of Lord So-and-So's dinner to-night. These are good hours for the man-of-letters diplomat to let his fancy and even his pen wander along the course in life of the characters in his projected novel or historical wonder book. If the war had not come, Brand Whitlock's new book would have been a story of quiet days in an Ohio small town. As the war did come it could be no other than the story of the more than stormy days of intrepid martyred Belgium.

It is well for Belgium and all the world outside of it that Brand Whitlock was American Minister there during Belgium's most recent trial by fire—if for no other reason than that the book of Belgium in wartime could be written by him. For more than newspaper man, civic reformer, Toledo mayor,

and American diplomat, Brand Whitlock is a literary artist. His book of Belgium is a literary masterpiece.

This is not to decry the value of its full record of facts or to underestimate its utility as a book of reference. It is simply to recognize that facts and chronologic narration are all enveloped in an atmosphere of humanness and picturesqueness. If von Bissing and von der Lancken, King Albert and M. Francqui, Miss Cavell and Herbert Hoover, and all the rest of the characters that move through the pages of the book were but the dream heroes and heroines of a novelist—if Brussels and Antwerp, Louvain and Dinant, and the palaces and peasants' huts were but the cities and places of a Zenda dreamland of adventure, intrigue, fierce struggle, and sudden death—this book about them could not be more satisfying to the reader whose demands on a book of history have been determined by long debauch in historical romance. That they are real persons and places, and that the accounts of what the persons did or of what was done in the places are true, only makes one recognize more clearly that the author of this book is a writer of imagination and an artist in both portraiture and landscape.

Brand Whitlock is intensely interested in human appearance and human reality. Not one of the host of characters, personages and just persons, whose names the book is able to record, escapes without a touch, at least, of personal description, both as to externals and mental and moral make-up. By as much of this swift portrait painting as they get each is the more real and interesting to the reader. Similarly, places and events are saturated with color; they exist in a perceptible atmosphere. There is Belgian-ness in the Belgian places and persons; Germanism in the German actors and their doings; and American idiosyncrasy in the behavior of Hoover and the members of the Commission for Relief, as also in the activities of the household and staff of the American Legation. All these contrasts are beautifully, delicately, brought out, not by forcing, but with insistent force. Many of the personal descriptions of men and manners are inimitable.

Of course the book is not the "whole terrible story of Prussian domination" in Belgium that the publishers' advertisement says it is. It does not pretend to be, for the account stops with the time of the going out of Mr. Whitlock and his staff and most of the members of the American Relief Commission on April 2, 1917, and there was plenty of Prussian domination from that time on to November 11, 1918. Also, the relief work went on with the American Commission still doing all the outside work and sending the food in from Rotterdam, a hundred thousand tons a month, in sealed barges to the Belgian committees and the Dutch and Spanish neutral inspectors inside. But the book gives at once a most comprehensive and most intensive picture, with all the details of a Memling and all the sweep of a French impressionist. Or it may be likened to a Venetian mosaic which makes a perfect whole picture out of a myriad of little colored pieces. It tells enough of the whole terrible story of Prussian domination, as well as of the whole exalting story of Belgian spiritual and physical resistance, to make it indeed a sufficient story of both. To tell everything in completeness would demand many more than two volumes. But completeness is not necessary for most of us, if we have enough to understand what the completeness would be. To complete the story would require for the most part only repetition of what has been told, with other dates and some other names of places and persons. What the book describes the author has seen and heard. All men and women came to him while he was in Belgium; all happenings were in his sight, and many happenings included his participation.

To the historical student the exact copies of important German and Belgian official documents, such as decrees, manifestos, letters, etc., will be most welcome. Mr. Whitlock produces a strong presumption of accuracy for his account by this documentation. In important conversations the essential sentences are given in the original French used by the speakers. Despite the pref-

erence of the German officials for their own language, the circumstances made it necessary for them to use French in practically all of their intercourse with the Belgians and the neutral diplomats in Brussels. The three Ministers who figured chiefly in all of the diplomatic intercourse with the German authorities during the occupation were Mr. Whitlock himself, the Spanish Minister, Marquis de Villalobar, and the Dutch Chargé d'Affaires, later Minister, von Vollenhoven. The book gives a satisfying account of their diplomatic activities. If lack of satisfaction is to be expressed with any feature of the work, it must be in connection with the account scattered, perhaps necessarily but at the expense of a clear picture, here and there through the volumes, of the organization and activities of the Commission for Relief in Belgium. But that account, as probably the author would be the first to declare, would require for satisfactory treatment a rather large book by itself.

It remains only to add that Mr. Whitlock's "Belgium" has been issued by the publishers in admirable style. The type face is large and clear, the paper excellent, and the binding in the best of taste, simple and strong. It is a book thoroughly well made.

Anatole France as Satirist

The Amethyst Ring. By Anatole France. Translated by B. Drillien. New York: John Lane Company.

THE volume just added to the edition in English translation of Anatole France—now nearly completed—shows the skeptic and dilettante of "Thais" in the last stage of the crisis which converted him into a man of action; for it was his defense of Dreyfus which first revealed in him that capacity for altruism which was to produce the future socialist and the would-be volunteer of 1914. "The Amethyst Ring" is, to be sure, a picture—etched deeply by the *aqua fortis* of irony—depicting the petty or vile intrigues set in motion to gain a bishopric during the last days of the Concordat; but its acid spares none of the opponents of Dreyfus, neither Clericals nor anti-Semites nor the Army. Thus the book is really its author's first step from a passive towards an active criticism of life as he found it. The passive attitude—the indirect historical satire of ecclesiastics in "La Rôtisserie de la Reine Pédauque" of 1893—has sharpened its edge to deal with contemporary clerics and their growing power in politics; the book is really a pamphlet—a disguised pamphlet against that union of Church and State which he attacked directly, six years later, in "L'Eglise et la République." So "The Amethyst Ring" is filled with clerical portraits: the two candidates for the bishop's ring, the fiery Lantaigne and the feline Abbé Guitrel, the country priest with a mania for hunting, the retired army chaplain who sees the ruin of the military virtues in the soldier's growing atheism, the papal nuncio—a passionless automaton who receives the rival candidates with the same questions, the same replies. At one with them, in the tableau, stand the other opponents of Dreyfus: the Royalist and anti-Semite Duke; the ladies of his noble house, knitting, black-robed, among the portraits of their ancestors and the pretenders of the Bourbon line; the lawyer of the congregations; the wealthy turncoat Jewesses who, for social reasons, educate their children in the faith; the blackleg Marcien, whose rascality is forgotten when he champions the Army. Alone sympathetic among these incarnations of prejudice is the figure of Professor Bergeret—the third incarnation of Anatole France, who stood with Zola and the "Intellectuels" brave enough to combat the verdict of the army court. Like his creator, the professor condemns what he sees as a miscarriage of truth; for him judicial infallibility and class justice are no more sacred than that worship of Force which, as he here foresaw, has all but made of Europe its holocaust. And with Bergeret stands the only truly lovable figure in the book, the dog Riquet, whose appearance alone can evoke in his master an indulgence lost amid the bitter actualities of persecution. Not that this reaction is ever violent; sitting in his study, while the mob, on its way to

stone the windows of a Jew, shouts "Mort à Zola! Mort à Bergeret! Mort aux juifs!"—Bergeret only remarks: "These people are going to break the windows of a boot-maker, and will succeed in doing so without any trouble. Do you think they would be as successful, if, for instance, they had to put in windows or door bells at General Cartier de Chalmot's? No, indeed! Popular enthusiasm is never constructive, but on the contrary, essentially destructive. This time it aims at our destruction; you must not attach too much importance to this particular instance, but rather, seek out the laws which govern it." Thus Bergeret the philosopher; whatever happens to him, in the world without or in the world within, he is always seeking the hidden laws or springs of its action, and this is what gives its quality to the book, as to the two volumes which precede it in the so-called "Histoire contemporaine." One must read them all, and read them not as novels but as episodes and conversations on questions still interesting, but more interesting in the late nineties which they so vividly reflect. Written week by week for the anti-Dreyfusard *Echo de Paris*, each chapter is a contemporary picture, a "slice of life" lifted from journalism to literature by the author's selective vision, philosophy, and style. As albums of realistic etchings, dealing with the same characters and with real events in a dramatic moment, these plotless novels have the value of documents and the vividness of life itself. With all this, the topics discussed are so vital today that it is hard to realize that the book was written over twenty years ago.

The translation reads well as a whole, being remarkably free from Gallicisms; but one misses at once the naïve irony of the original. Comparison of the two texts shows how this candor is lost in trying to create a pseudo-Anatolian suavity of form; scraped and sandpapered, with words, clauses, and sentences inverted, or even omitted, the English version loses its edge and its texture; the original rhythm is sacrificed by recombining clauses into new units—a thing perfectly possible, because Anatole France is such a master of the nexus, but fatal to many delicately ironic periods.

Ideas and Devices

Good Sports. By Olive Higgins Prouty. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

The Tin Soldier. By Temple Bailey. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company.

The City of Comrades. By Basil King. New York: Harper and Brothers.

The See-Saw. By Sophie Kerr. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

THE bathos of the "glad" book is avoided in "Good Sports." It preaches a gospel of everyday optimism without confounding optimism with inanity. Each of the tales in the collection has to do with some feat of courage, such as all persons have now and then to dare for the sake of self-respect, or with some still harder feat of quiet endurance. The type here resorted to oftener than any other is that of the lonely and misunderstood, or undervalued, member of the busy household or drum-following community. Especially the unattached and apparently superfluous spinster is given her chance of usefulness and happiness—more often, to be sure, by escape from spinsterhood itself, but sometimes rather through the discovery of some essential service of which she more than others is capable. Such discoveries are of course among the minor benefits of war. Hence the present instances of persons who have been submerged in the inglorious routine of everyday at home, but accomplishing distinguished service "over there"—or snatching at least a knowledge of themselves out of the tragic muddle. It is a book of feminine sensibility dominated in the main by sound feeling and good sense. This much we cannot say of an already established "best-seller" of the moment, "The Tin Soldier." We need not doubt that the author, like Gene Stratton Porter and Harold Bell Wright, quite believes in her own ba-

lief in the shopworn romantic pretenses upon which her fiction is based. Or rather, let us say, she succeeds in not even suspecting them of being either pretenses or shopworn. All the old machinery of high-souled inanity and elaborately contrived misunderstanding is here manipulated by her with immense pride and gusto. She resembles the farmwife who puts into her pedaling of the pianola all the airs and graces, and something of the self-soothing afflatus, of a Paderewski. The handsome and worthy youth upon whom, in the early days of the war, the nickname of "tin soldier" is fastened, is sadly misjudged. He is not a pacifist or a slacker. He wants to fight. But there is a mysterious obstacle, a point of duty and honor, of which his standards as a gentleman forbid him even to speak. Everything hangs upon this. If we admit, as anybody with common sense would in real life, that the obstacle (a promise to a dying mother) is pure fudge, and that his silence is mere pride and priggishness, the plot falls to pieces at once. Moreover, we must not admit it: we do not, to judge by the sales, if we are the average lady-reader. Rather, we yearn over this rather fatuous young pair as their creator demands that we shall yearn, and obediently don footgear appropriate to the extremely sloppy weather, sentimentally speaking, of the closing chapters. Our criticism of this kind of fiction is not that its basic ideas of love and sacrifice are unsound, but that it uses them cheaply and falsely for the gilding and propping of the most ramshackle and romantic contraptions.

Something of the same kind must be said of the method of Basil King, author of "The City of Comrades." His books are full of good ideas, of warm (if slightly humid) feeling, of clever dialogue and cleverer sermonizing. In the course of the present story he has a number of things to offer, not so much perhaps to the thoughtful reader, as to the easy auditor who loves to be swept away anyhow on the tide of an eloquent human voice. Like the authors of the two books just noticed, he believes that the recent war has had its constructive influence for the good of the race, that it has lifted or changed human standards and potentialities to other planes, and that something has been gained thereby that shall never be lost. In his "Down and Out Club" also he has a suggestion for a possible basis of, as it were, coöperative rescue for those who have sunk lowest in the social and moral scales. But the story he links with these ideas and moralizings is of the flimsiest texture. It concerns the well-born ne'er-do-weel, the lovely maiden of his own class who confronts him as a burglar, falls in love with him later on without recognizing him, and so on. All the accepted "line" of pride and stupidity which is expected to keep two lovers apart under such conditions is duly trotted out; and we have to wait the author's will and convenience for the final award of the "kiss curtain." Even that, indeed, is in a way provisional; for these lovers do not think they ought to permit themselves happiness until the war is over.

"The See-Saw" has nothing to do with the war of nations. In a sense it may be called a story of the older war of sex. It recounts the wedded experiences of a modern, driving, egotistical American husband, and a sweet, dutiful, steadfast, rather old-fashioned though beautiful and presentable wife. The man is a Turk; the woman asks not much more than the inviolability of her harem. But he has to go gadding after a clever unprincipled siren of the latest type. She lures him to her by devices almost pitifully obvious to outsiders. A brace of divorces readily gives them to each other, and poor old-fashioned Marcia is left, with her child, to her own blameless devices. But the man's heart really belongs to her, as he realizes when he has put her far enough away. After that the more the siren blows, the more his heart is true to Poll. Luckily the siren soon has other fish to fry, and presently withdraws herself altogether for the purposes of such cookery. Whereupon our repentant Turk casts himself at the feet of long-suffering Poll, and not in vain. "I haven't changed," she confesses, "I'm your wife—always." We fear that from the feminist point of view this book represents the deadliest of reactions.

Books in Brief

AMONG recent volumes of diplomatic reminiscences, Maurice Francis Egan's "Ten Years Near the German Frontier" (Doran) has the advantage of being written by a man who is an author as well as a diplomat. Mr. Egan's story of his years in the "delightful little Dresden china court" of Denmark is full of entertaining gossip and absorbing history of international relations. The author conclusively refutes the illiterate idea that the life of a Minister consists merely in "wearing purple pants and handing tea to princesses." He traces the history of German propaganda, political, intellectual, and religious, and shows that many European diplomats expected war for several years before the storm burst. "The years 1910, 1911, and 1912 were years of unrest. Denmark was becoming more and more socialistic. The Danes never for a moment forgot Sleavig. But Danish diplomats seemed to think that Germany, now that she had created the Kiel Canal, had no further designs on Denmark, which the Pan-Germans continued, however, to call 'our northern province!'" Count Brockdorff-Rantzau, the German minister, now head of the German delegation to the Peace Conference, is described by Mr. Egan as "a very clever man who played his game fairly—one of the most cynical, brilliant, forcible diplomatists in Europe, with Liberal tendencies in politics. I found him delightful; but he infuriated other people. One day, when he is utterly tired of life, he will consciously exasperate somebody to fury, in order to escape the trouble of committing suicide himself. I shall always miss him. He is the kind of man whose society you covet on earth, because if all signs prove true, you are not likely to meet him in heaven—until late in Eternity!" As a tolerant Catholic the author devotes many pages to the religious situation in Europe as he saw it. He states that the Jesuits in Germany stood for the one thing that the Prussian monarch detested—dissent on the part of any subject to the growing assertion of the divine right of kings. "If His Imperial Majesty could have arranged the religion of his subjects as easily as he settled the question as to the authenticity of the Flora of Lucas in Berlin in favor of Director Bode, how clear the way would have been!" Mr. Egan believes that the German Socialists were as great an enemy to democracy as the Pan-Germans. Whether or not one agrees with his political conclusions, Mr. Egan's descriptions of life among the æsthetic and cultured Danes make delightful reading.

PLAYGOERS who cherish the recollection of Ethel Barrymore's performance of "Alice Sit-by-the-Fire" thirteen or fourteen years ago may now enjoy again that delightful story in the uniform edition of Sir James M. Barrie's plays (Scribners), of which three volumes have already appeared. Though Barrie's people stay with us, his plots have a trick of eluding the memory; one keeps only an impression of intellectual ingenuity lighted by a gay fancy and an ever-playful humor. ("The Admirable Crichton" is an exception, and therefore, perhaps, is to be reckoned Barrie's strongest play.) To Barrie the theatre has always been a toy theatre; as showman he maintains a constant intelligence with the audience, never letting us forget that we are in a world of make-believe. This attitude accounts for the insubstantiality of his plots. We are never to forget that we are pretending; that is part of the game. The house is a house of cards, but how cunningly it is built! A significant innovation in this volume, and one to be grateful for, is the printing of stage directions in Roman type without parentheses. Few readers, surely, have wished that Barrie's stage directions were shorter; but it is a relief to be spared page after page of italics. The long descriptive or interpretative stage direction has probably come to stay; from the reader's point of view it seems a perfectly legitimate substitute for the playgoer's observation and inference. It may include parts of the play as important as anything in the dialogue; and there is no valid reason why

it should not be so printed as to be most easily read. Barrie, however, has here gone a little further; he has had the first half of Act I printed like a novel, without the formal naming of the speakers, and with more description and interpretation than dialogue. More and more, as the popularity of printed drama increases, the playwrights are claiming the novelist's privileges. Barrie jokes about this in the course of his opening stage direction (five pages). Why don't we look over Amy's shoulder as she reads her diary? he asks. "It is because in a play we must tell nothing that is not revealed by the spoken words; you must find out all you want to know from them. . . . There can be no rummaging in the past for us to show what sort of people our characters are; we are allowed only to present them as they toe the mark; then the handkerchief falls, and off they go." He has the grace to add: "Perhaps we have not always been such sticklers for the etiquette of the thing; but we are always sticklers on Thursdays, and this is a Thursday." In those interpretative passages which sticklers for the etiquette of the thing would rule out, Barrie really gives us what a very intelligent spectator would gather from the acting of very good actors; or, if you prefer, he gives us a prompt-book for the shadowy actors who perform the play on the stage of imagination.

AMONG the curious historical enterprises of the past decade is the effort to rehabilitate the memory of Robespierre. This has accounted for the creation of two new historical magazines. Of one of these, *Les Annales Révolutionnaires*, Professor Albert Mathiez, of the University of Dijon, is the editor. Two series of essays, nearly all of which have appeared in this magazine, M. Mathiez has published under the general title of "Etudes Robespierristes." The special title of the second volume is "La Conspiration de l'Etranger" (Paris: Colin). Like its predecessor, it labors to elevate Robespierre by depressing his political enemies or victims, chiefly Danton. The title-essay seeks to prove that Fabre d'Eglantine, the dramatist and friend of Danton, was the inventor of a "Conspiracy," and that his charges made in the fall of 1793, when the Reign of Terror was in its beginnings, account for the bloodthirsty character of the factional struggles of the following winter. A second essay attempts to complete the evidence in the case against Fabre for fraud in connection with the liquidation of the affairs of the French East India Company. Here all that M. Mathiez succeeds in accomplishing is to increase somewhat the probabilities of Fabre's guilt, which Dantonists like Professor Aulard have always denied. Unfortunately, M. Mathiez seems inclined to accredit dubious evidence if it is against Danton or any of his friends. An essay of considerable interest in connection with recent treason trials in Paris deals with "L'Immunité parlementaire sous la Révolution." It shows how the Constituent, the Legislative, and the Convention proceeded in such cases. Even here, the Robespierre-Danton controversy intrudes, for Robespierre's speech when Legendre asked that Danton be heard by the Convention, of which he was a member, is described by M. Mathiez as "admirable both in logic and in passion," while M. Aulard calls it "arrogant" and "threatening."

THE eighth annual Shakespeare Lecture delivered before the British Academy, Sir Walter Raleigh's "Shakespeare and England," is now issued in pamphlet form by the Oxford University Press. Professor Raleigh begins with the admission that "there is nothing new and important to be said of Shakespeare," and he proceeds to illustrate this remark by his lecture. Passing rapidly over the various famous passages of lyrical patriotism in some of the historical plays, he dwells at greater length upon the casual allusions, usually humorous and depreciatory, to national characteristics that may be found scattered through many of the dramas. The tone of these passages he considers thoroughly English. He notes (forgetting, apparently, Angelo) that Shakespeare gives us no full-length portrait of a hypocrite, though he agrees that outside England, among

friends and allies as well as foes, hypocrisy is regarded as the national English vice, the ruling passion. He defends Englishmen from this charge by the certainly not novel contention that what seems to other people hypocrisy is in reality idealism—the effort to be what the Englishman would like to be. But all this is rather beside the point; and when Professor Raleigh returns to Shakespeare it is to note the wide tolerance beneath the humor of the plays and the charity which seems to be the ultimate lesson to be derived from them. A little of this charity the lecturer might himself have exercised, for throughout the discourse Germany is treated with certainly understandable, but certainly not academic or Shakespearean, harshness. It was scarcely necessary to interpret Caliban as typical of the average German. While earlier lecturers on this foundation since the beginning of the Great War have wisely stood aloof from the conflict, Professor Raleigh has evidently been guided in his choice of theme and method of treatment by the events raging around him.

THE observer of public affairs in America is conscious of two great movements rapidly gathering headway—one in the life of the nation, the other in that of our cities. The former calls for the careful conservation of our natural resources; the latter for the wise planning of our cities, where are to live most of the people who will profit by the wise conservation of resources. Neither of these movements will be understood if the observer views it too narrowly or literally. Our natural resources include the health and character of our people as well as our forests and minerals. City planning means more than the laying out of streets, and the placing of parks and buildings. "What of the City?" (McClurg), by Walter D. Moody, Managing Director of the Chicago Plan Commission, is a delightfully journalistic and breezy treatment of the civic movement in Chicago; but it is also a scholarly and constructive introduction to the movement for city planning in general. Its many well-chosen illustrations, its concrete and imaginative narrative, and the sustained enthusiasm of its author, carry the reader along, necessarily making of him a propagandist for city planning. For those who contemplate giving practical expression to their interest in the movement, this book is particularly valuable because it introduces the reader not only to the ends he must achieve, but also to the methods, educational and political, through which he must achieve them. The author tells how the sluggish imagination of the average citizen may be awakened through wise publicity; how misguided enthusiasts may be tactfully curbed; how, in a word, the elements of social power may be harnessed for service. While conditions and practices in Chicago are made prominent throughout the book, this but serves to give concreteness and definiteness to the discussion of the general difficulties and aims which the author wishes to present.

IS it a good or a bad sign that the printing-press is just now issuing so many works on what is variously denominated mental hygiene, psychotherapy, new thought, spiritual therapeutics, and who knows what else besides? A generation in robust health has no use for textbooks of medicine. But if conscious effort to attain a sound mind in a sound body be the only way to sanity, or one of several ways, and if the command to "look pleasant" will banish frowns, then there is a place for such a book as Miss Jeannette Marks's "Courage" (The Woman's Press). It is a plea, in twelve chapters, for what is positive, constructive, fortifying, and high-hearted, as opposed to what is negative, destructive, enfeebling, and low-spirited. The old adage that to be weak is to be miserable re-appears in the assertion that "for any sort of moral weakness there is but one cure: cultivation of more will-power." The Tennysonian "self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control," especially the two latter, are emphasized anew as all-important in leading life to sovereign power. And first, last, and all the time we must be of a stout heart.

Mississippi Valley History

THE Mississippi Valley Historical Association has an independent organization and a definite field of activity; but in a sense its annual meetings are sectional conferences of the American Historical Association. This connection, intangible though it be, was felt more strongly than usual at the twelfth annual meeting, held in St. Louis on May 8 and 9, under the joint auspices of the Missouri Historical Society and Washington University. Thus the Mound City fell heir to some of the spirit and of the personnel, if not of the programme that would have marked the Cleveland meeting had it not been abandoned on account of the influenza.

This spirit was manifested in what we may term the present-day features of the programme. War-time activities still echoed in the elaborate and satisfying reports of what state organizations in Iowa, Texas and Minnesota were doing to preserve the multitudinous material thrust upon them by these activities. In these reports—which may be regarded as typical for all the States of the section—there was developed the possibility of conflict in custodianship between the State and national Governments, but this will no doubt be quickly adjusted. It is a happy portent for future historical work in this region that the local records of the present conflict are being so carefully collected, but the prospective labor involved in handling the accumulating mass may well appal the careful worker.

The History Teacher's Section, continuing the work of a defunct professional organization of the Middle West, devoted itself to "After-the-War Reorganization of History." This topic was discussed in its manifold phases by local representatives and by visiting members from the joint committee of the American Historical Association, the National Board for Historical Service, and the National Education Association. In this discussion emphasis was placed upon giving to the pupil, from elementary school to college, a world outlook in which our Hispanic-American neighbors should not be wholly ignored. The general foreign policy of the United States, the Mexican problem, and the attitude of the Swedish-Americans received attention in definite papers and addresses.

In view of the meeting place, one session was fittingly devoted to river traffic from the days of the "broad horn" to those of the coal barge. The address of the outgoing president, Professor Harlow Lindley, was also devoted to the allied topic of "Western Travel." Despite the note of hopefulness shown in a review of the recent commercial renaissance of New Orleans, the treatment of river transportation was prevailingly pessimistic. Neither modern appliances nor war-time needs promise to restore to our inland waterways their ante-bellum activity. Another session recalled war-time conditions in the Confederacy, with some helpful interpretation based on recent experiences. An evening meeting fittingly emphasized the history of Missouri, this phase of the programme being supplemented by two illustrated talks that prepared the visitors for

a more thorough enjoyment of the city and the neighboring Cahokia mounds. The opening session was devoted to a miscellaneous programme in which the pioneer life of the Valley was skilfully interpreted by judicious extracts from contemporary journals and orderly-books, its political development prefigured in Minnesota's first territorial Governor and Senator, and the neighboring Hispanic background introduced in a critical study of Don Diego de Peñalosa, who, as the contributor showed, was not an early trespasser in the Valley. I. J. Cox

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

- Babbitt, Irving. Rousseau and Romanticism. Houghton Mifflin. \$3.50.
Cox, Marian. The Dry Rot of Society and Other Essays. Brentano's. \$1.25.
Fitzhugh, Thomas, editor. Letters of Thomas Jefferson Concerning Philology and the Classics. University of Virginia.
Payne, Roger. The Hobo Philosopher. Published by the Author.
Phelps, William L. Reading the Bible. Macmillan. \$1.25.
Willcocks, M. P. Toward New Horizons. Lane. \$1.25.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

- Abel, Annie H. The American Indian as Participant in the Civil War. Cleveland: Arthur H. Clark Co.
Bolton, Herbert E., editor. Kino's Historical Memoir of Pimeria Alta. Cleveland: Arthur H. Clark Co.
Kummer, Frederic A. The Battle of the Nations. Century Co. \$2.
Lewis, William D. The Life of Theodore Roosevelt. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Co. \$2.25.
Serrano, Mary J., translator. Journals of Marie Bashkirtseff. Dutton. \$2.50.

POETRY AND DRAMA

- Aldington, Richard. War and Love. Four Seas. \$1.25.
Cannan, Gilbert. Everybody's Husband. Huebsch. 75 cts.
Presland, John. Poems of London. Macmillan.

FICTION

- Anderson, Sherwood. Winesburg, Ohio. Huebsch. \$1.50.
Baillie-Saunders, Margaret. Black Sheep Chapel. Doran. \$1.50.
Benson, E. F. Across the Stream. Doran. \$1.50.
Birmingham, George A. A Padre in France. Doran. \$1.50.
Clifford, Mrs. W. K. Miss Fingal. Scribners. \$1.50.
Comfort, Will L. The Yellow Lord. Doran. \$1.50.
Davies, Maria T. Blue-Grass and Broadway. Century Co. \$1.50.
Desmond, Shaw. Democracy. Scribners. \$1.60.

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 Meynell, Viola. *Second Marriage*. Doran. \$1.50.
 Milan, René. *Vagabonds of the Sea*. Dutton. \$1.90.
 Pezet, A. Washington. *Aristokia*. Century Co. \$1.50.

Reynolds, Mrs. Baillie. *The King's Widow*. Doran. \$1.50.
 Sinclair, Upton. *Jimmie Higgins*. Boni & Liveright. \$1.60.
 Tagore, Rabindranath. *The Home and the World*. Macmillan. \$1.75.
 Vingy, Alfred. *Military Servitude and Grandeur*. Translated by Frances Huard. Doran. 1.50.

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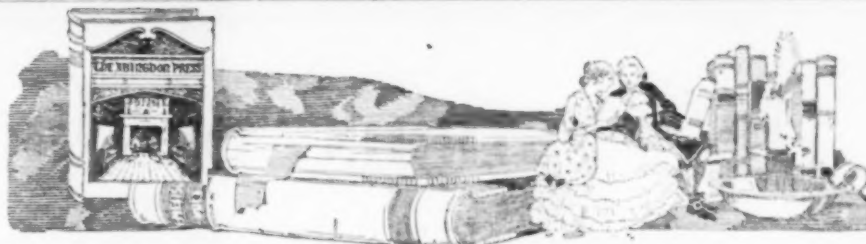
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1. The first part of the report is a general description of the project and its objectives. This is followed by a detailed description of the methodology used in the study. The results of the study are then presented, followed by a discussion of the findings and their implications. Finally, the report concludes with a summary of the key points and a list of references.